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Among the contents of the SATURDAY REVIEW next week will be some letters of Nietzsche, translated by Miss Beatrice Marshall, and not hitherto published in this country.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A great stir in the Balkans is no new thing. This week Bulgaria has mobilised twenty-eight classes of her Army, setting European thought astir in several directions. Public reflections on this event are harmful for diplomatic reasons, and we must see as clearly as we can—and wait. Meantime Greece has mobilised.

In the Eastern theatre of war the situation remains very anxious, very critical: and all reports to the contrary are quite idle. But it is not well to press this matter. Russia is fighting with a heroism and an endurance surely without a parallel, considering the length and extreme severity of the retreat; and whatever happens now, Russia has done marvels. It is impossible for her Allies to overestimate their immense debt to her. To-day we can temperately hope that the armies retreating from Vilna have evaded the German net. But this is the most.

It is wise to read carefully between the lines of official statements in a campaign where allies are concerned. Bald truth can be gauche to the point of danger in such cases. For example, if Great Britain had had an ally during the South African War, and that ally had taken it into his head to relate the bald facts officially as to, say, Colenso or Magersfontein immediately after they occurred, the effect might have been disastrous. Great Britain would certainly have taken umbrage, and rightly so. Similarly, if Germany had related officially the bald truth about the repeated defeats of her Austrian ally by Russia last winter, the effect on the Dual Alliance might have been disastrous. In short, complicated political motives and interests, allies, and neutrals have constantly to be considered in regard to all

important official statements in a modern campaign; and this is a fact that should be always borne in mind—otherwise such statements may give quite an erroneous impression. It will most certainly be found to apply to-day to German, Austrian, Turkish, British, French, and Russian statements as to the operations of their allies, and often to colour many phrases. Hence official statements relating to a campaign where many nations and groups of nations are concerned must be read with allowances, and read often between the lines. If, for instance, the British public fails to take this precaution, it may feel disposed to call hurrah and fling up its cap when, actually, the position is grave or discouraging.

On Tuesday, in a crowded House of Commons, Mr. McKenna introduced his Budget. He spoke for only seventy-five minutes, uniting a record in brevity to a record in finance. There is a necessary bludgeon in his speech. On many persons it has had a stunning effect. But it is good to know in an age of science that the tax on patent medicines has been doubled. If their advertisements also had been taxed sensible persons would have been thankful. Huge sums are spent annually in advertising patent medicines, as if medical men were of no use at all, and civilians have yet to learn that it is the purchasing public that pays the bills. Some other "physic" also ought to be taxed, notably the placards and headlines with which so many newspapers drug the people with sensationalism. Excess produces reaction, and these placards and headlines have dulled the people's concern for the deep main facts of the war. The public is bombarded all day long by screams, as our troops are by shells.

Mr. McKenna in several ways has reformed the income-tax, granting payment by instalment, and seizing upon all workers whose weekly earnings rise above £2 10s. He says: "All weekly wages will be assessed quarterly for income-tax. Nominally they have always been liable to taxation, but owing to the three years' average they have, in practice, not been taxed." To-day everyone with an income over £130

will be taxed. He is granted an abatement of £120, and will pay on £11 if his income is £131. This year his contribution will be 19s. 9d. on earned income, and £1 6s. 4d. on unearned income. The unearned rates are the more important socially, we think, because they affect a great many women and invalids who live on dividends, and who have often many calls of charity on their slender means. For this reason we give a table of payments on unearned small incomes, ranging from £131 to £450.

This year,	£1	6	4	on	£131;	next year, 1916-17,	£1	10	9
"	£3	12	0	on	£150;	"	£4	4	0
"	£9	12	0	on	£200;	"	£11	4	0
"	£15	12	0	on	£250;	"	£18	4	0
"	£21	12	0	on	£300;	"	£25	4	0
"	£32	4	0	on	£350;	"	£37	11	4
"	£42	2	9	on	£401;	"	£49	3	3
"	£49	0	0	on	£450;	"	£57	3	4

There is scope enough in this taxation for little tragedies. Many a charity will suffer, and many a relative will be deprived of help from generous maiden aunts and old uncles. It is inevitable, of course, but taxes ought to be looked at in their widespread human effects.

We give a leader on Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch. In his earlier account of the position in Gallipoli he wrote of ten days and ten nights of spirit-stirring danger and valour, ending with a conquest of 5,000 yards of arid and sinister territory. Both sides had drawn heavily on all their resources, but it seemed clear that whichever side could summon up energy enough to make at once another push would win at least several hundred yards of debatable land lying between the two fronts. As Sir Ian Hamilton knew that several hundred yards meant a matter of life or death to his force, which was crowded together under gun fire on a narrow tongue of land, he decided on 5 May to continue his advance. His tired men responded with a glorious spirit, and made their way through terrific dangers and difficulties till at last the splendid remnants of their brigades extended their front considerably and established themselves in new positions. There is no room here to quote much from the despatch. Here is one picture from it, the bid for Krithia:—

"Next morning (7 May) we opened with shrapnel upon the enemy's trenches opposite our extreme left, and at 10 a.m. the Lancashire Fusiliers Brigade began the attack. But our artillery had not been able to locate the cleverly-sited German machine-gun batteries, whose fire rendered it physically impossible to cross that smooth glacis. Next to the right the 88th Brigade swept forward, and the 1/5th Royal Scots, well supported by artillery fire, carried the fir trees with a rush. This time it was discovered that not only the enfilading machine-guns had made the wood so difficult to hold. Amongst the branches of the trees Turkish snipers were perched, sometimes upon small wooden platforms. When these were brought down the surroundings became much healthier. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, of the 87th Brigade, were pushed up to support the left of the 88th, and all seemed well when, at 1.20 p.m., a strong Turkish counter-attack drove us back out of the fir clump. As an offset to this check the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers captured three Turkish trenches, and a second battalion of the 87th Brigade, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was sent forward on the left to make these good. At 3 p.m. the Lancashire Fusilier Brigade again reported they were definitely held up by the accurate cross-fire of batteries of machine-guns concealed in the scrub on the ridge between the ravine and the sea, batteries which also enfiladed the left flank of the 88th Brigade as it endeavoured to advance to the centre. Unless we were to acquiesce in a stalemate the moment for our effort had arrived, and a general attack was ordered for 4.45 p.m., the whole of the 87th Brigade to reinforce the 88th Brigade, and the New Zealand Brigade to support it. Despite their exhaustion and their losses the men responded with a will. The whole force,

French and British, rose simultaneously and made a rush forward. All along the front we made good a certain amount of ground, excepting only on our extreme left. For the third time British bayonets carried the fir clump in our centre, and when darkness fell the whole line (excepting always the left) had gained from 200 to 300 yards, and had occupied or passed over the first line of Turkish trenches."

We protested last week against the bad form of those papers which have busied themselves in listing and blacklisting Cabinet Ministers in order to show who are for National Service and who are against. These lists are drawn up partly, we dare say, to make mischief and bring about a Cabinet crisis, but partly—and, we think, chiefly—they are drawn up in ignorance of the decencies of public life. It is *crudeness* that leads to misconduct of this kind; much as it is crudeness which makes so many people talk and laugh loudly in public places among total strangers, or which makes them on going to bed at their hotel fling out their boots or slam their doors. Crudeness is at the root of all manner of gaucheries and is accountable for the want of reserve which is so unpleasant in many quarters to-day.

We cannot wonder that Lord Curzon, whose name has been gibbeted by crude writers of late as "one of the Georges" hatching a "Conscription Plot", and so on, has protested against this bad form, and has felt compelled to write to the Press that, though he has long been a convinced believer in National Service, he has "scrupulously refrained from saying one word on the subject either in speech or letter or interview or for publication in any form, content to act in that spirit of loyalty to the Prime Minister and my colleagues without which Cabinet Government is an impossibility, and to rely upon the discussion which is about to take place for producing agreement. May I appeal to you and to the Press in general to discourage the attempt that is being so freely made in certain quarters to manufacture discord where it does not exist, and particularly against the pernicious method of controversy involved in picking out individuals and attributing to them actions, thoughts, or intentions of which they are in all probability wholly innocent, or in imagining plots and conspiracies for which there is no vestige of foundation? There are several ways of losing the war, but one of the surest will be to muddy—I might almost say to poison—our own wells."

The Bishop of Chichester protested in Wednesday's "Times" against the word "Conscription" being applied to National Service. It is a misnomer used by some people in naive ignorance, but by others artfully for their own political ends—for they believe that it is a bogey word which will damage the principle that it is the duty of young men of a fit age and body to defend their country. Conscription, which existed in France in 1870, is dead long since. It was a vicious system. It enabled men who did not want to defend their country to buy substitutes. It was almost as vicious as a system—such as ours to-day—which enables men not even to be at the expense of buying substitutes. Nevertheless, the term "Conscription" has come to stay. It is part of the regular cult of claptrap which is exceedingly "fetching" to the quarter-educated in the country to-day, and which, when capably vulgarised, pays so well.

The claptrap about "Conscription" has had perhaps a bigger vogue and success than the claptrap about any other thing since the start of the war, always excepting the claptrap about the respective values of "free" men and "forced" men. We do not hear so much about the free and forced values now, because, for one thing, with a change in the composition of the Government, it has been Ministerially abandoned—two leaders who made play with it last winter and spring having completely dropped

it. But for months what a rousing cry it was! Loud cheers always greeted it, and the extent of the cheers depended on the ratios of value between free men of our country and forced men of the enemy and—though this was not mentioned openly—of our Allies and our Australasian kinsmen. That ratio varied greatly according to the orator. Sometimes it was down as low as three to one—one free man was worth only three forced men. But that was when Sir John Simon was busy speaking, and great lawyers never exaggerate. On the other hand, sometimes one free Briton was worth no less than ten miserable forced foreigners: one seems to remember that Mr. Seely put it at something like ten to one.

Is it so certain as politicians on both sides assume that, in case National Service comes, Ireland will declare to stand out? If Nationalist Ireland declared through Mr. Redmond that she would stand out, Ulster might—in all probability would—claim to go in with Great Britain. Then what earthly chance would Home Rule have after the war? Irish Nationalist leaders should take this carefully into consideration.

The people of Australia clearly are bent on making still more stringent the obligatory military service arrangement which Lord Kitchener made for them a few years ago. At Sydney, for example, Mr. Holman, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, and Mr. Wade, the leader of the Opposition, are working together to this end. Service is to be obligatory abroad as well as at home, and it is to be universal. Mr. Holman and Mr. Wade have already taken the preliminary steps by means of a new League, and legislation is certain to follow shortly. These Australians are an extraordinarily resolute and progressive people, and we must not disguise from ourselves that they intend to have a voice in the settlement after the war and a firm voice in the affairs of the British Empire. It is pleasant to find the name of the Leader of the Opposition in New South Wales to the fore once again, and in this great Australian movement: some of us who were up with him in long past days can still recall very vividly Charley Wade's matchless resource and vigour in the greatest Rugby XV. Oxford ever knew, and perhaps ever can know.

Lord Selborne's speech at Norwich (18 September) sets thought astir on some great problems. He forewarns farmers of greater difficulty, above all in the matter of labour, because the needs of war will demand more recruits from the rank and file of farm workers. But the chief men of agriculture—foremen, stockmen, carters, shepherds, blacksmiths, thatchers, etc.—will be put on the same footing as munition workers; recruiting sergeants will not seek them, nor will they be accepted if they try of their own accord to enlist. Lord Selborne spoke very plainly about strikes. "Every rumour of a strike in England that reaches Russia fills Russians with dismay and suspicion."

Patriotic publicists have been saying this month after month, but every nation gets the trade unions that she deserves. To permit sectional "conscription" for the purpose of strikes—that is, for purposes of local civil wars—while forbidding general "conscription" for the purpose of national defence, is the terrible blunder that our country has made, and from which she has suffered frequently. The quarrels of Labour and Capital have been placed above the common good, above the inherited life of the British Isles; and sooner or later this plain fact must receive the attention that Carlyle demanded for it. No principle of anarchy can ever be in accord with social justice and improvement. To permit trade unions to limit the output of work is to attack the nation's prosperity and to put a premium on dishonourable workmanship. It is thus the antithesis of morality. In a different way it is as bad as sweating. We hope that Lord Selborne's appeal to farm labourers and to their employers will be as successful as it ought to be: but experience

proves that strikes come in epidemics, and such epidemics to-day need decisive treatment, because those who yield before a use of force invite further aggression. Besides, as Lord Selborne points out, in parts of England before the war the wages of agricultural labourers were too low—a very bad thing politically and socially for England, and a bad thing for agriculture.

Lord Selborne spoke also of the rival claims of voluntarism and National Service. He said: "It is purely a military question; it is not an industrial question. No one I know of with any sense of responsibility has an idea of what is called industrial conscription. This idea has been put forward most unscrupulously by people who want to prejudice the consideration of a purely military question. Could the army in the field be supported to the end of the war by the voluntary system, or must there be a compulsory levy as well? There is no question of any legislation or any proposal for what is called industrial compulsion. It is not only a question of getting enough men for the Army, it is also a question of keeping out of the Army men who can do more for England by staying out. The one thing we have to do is to support our magnificent Army."

During the air raid in the London district on Wednesday, 8 September, a well-knit young man, perhaps twenty to five and twenty years old, was to be seen arming happily up and down the street two women of the "best girl" type. The girls, hugging him fondly, exclaimed that if they had their way they would have out every German and hang him to the nearest lamp post; the young hero cordially agreed. He looked a natural soldier, and at this time would, doubtless, have been one, and at the front, had it not been for the daily sermons he reads in his Radical and Socialist anti-"Conscription" newspapers in London against the tyranny and wickedness of National Service. Many a scene of this character must have been noticed during the raid and bombardment of the 8th September.

Last Saturday, 18 September, an excellent official account was published of the Zeppelin raids in the London district. Here are a few pictures of effects produced by a Zeppelin. "Somewhere in the area of London you can go to the corner of a little street: this one has a public-house at the corner. Outside it on Wednesday evening last week after the place was closed a man and a woman were talking. The woman went off to buy some supper at a neighbouring shop; the man stood there to wait for her, and while he was waiting there fell at his feet the first of the explosive bombs. It killed the man outright; it blew pieces of paving stone on to the surrounding roofs; it blew in the front of the public-house, reducing the stock to a mere mass of broken glass. . . ; it took off the top of a grand piano on the floor above, twisted the iron bedsteads, injured a woman who was sleeping there, and reduced what had been the carefully kept living rooms of a small family to a mass of soot and dust and plaster and broken glass."

A bomb fell on some workmen's dwellings—places where men live who are away at their trades all day and often all night, and which day and night are crowded with children. Right under the roof was a little flat in which four children had been put to sleep. Two of them, after being put to bed, had got up surreptitiously to make tea in an adjoining room; you can see the bed that they left, now a mass of blackened and charred sheets with the mattress torn to pieces. They escaped by a miracle, but in the small bedroom next door to them the other two children were killed in an instant. "In another place a bomb dropped through the roof of a stable yard; it was an incendiary bomb, and it set on fire

a motor-car on which it fell. The stableman and his wife, in spite of the fire, which was immediately serious, set out to rescue eleven horses which were in the stable behind the fire, and they were carefully taken out one by one and let loose in the street." But a bantam cock was killed. A caged bird was rescued, and so was a dog. Another bomb dropped in a street and spent most of its force on a passing motor omnibus. There were twenty persons on board, including the driver and the conductor. Nine of them were killed and eleven injured, among the injured being the driver, who had his legs blown off; he died in hospital shortly afterwards. Four children were slain by another bomb, and only three persons in uniform were harmed—two policemen and a man in the Army Service Corps.

The Government has issued as a White Paper reprints and translations of Austrian and German documents found in the possession of Mr. James F. J. Archibald, the American journalist who was detained at Falmouth on 30 August of this year. It is late in the day to be astounded by German mendacity and baseness, and yet the intrigues and plots and lies in these documents provoke amazement as well as disgust. Take the contrast between Dr. Dumba's frankly outrageous truths, written to the Austrian Government, and the falsehoods offered by Count Bernstorff to the State Department in Washington. While the Austrian Embassy is eager to foment strikes in the munitions factories of the United States, and has concocted a plot to upset the industrial peace of a neutral country, the German Embassy assures the State Department that American newspapers are circulating wicked calumnies against German truthfulness and honour. Neither Count Bernstorff nor "someone else who has relations with the German Government" has wished to promote disturbance, though many offers to promote strikes have been suggested to him. Captain von Papen, German Military Attaché, is a queer hero from romance. He is prepared to do anything for his country, and he has a profound contempt for the Americans. He writes as follows to his wife on 20 August: "How splendid on the Eastern front. I always say to these idiotic Yankees they had better hold their tongues—it's better to look at all this heroism full of admiration." Captain von Papen is convinced that Dr. Dumba's plot is one of great importance, and it is he who signs the despatch that Count Bernstorff sends to the State Department. They are liars all, and the publication of their papers is what von Papen calls "a new storm".

We notice that Mr. Outhwaite, M.P., safely hides away in the "Staffordshire Sentinel" a statement to the effect that the SATURDAY REVIEW is in favour of paying British soldiers a penny a day. It is, of course, completely false. We have never said or suggested remotely anything of the kind.

Next week we shall consider the drink question in its relation to treating and to other matters. There is a good opportunity now to deal with the problem sanely and scientifically. But bigots and megalomaniacs, who propose in one breath to buy up all the public houses and in the next to forbid all alcohol, must be warned off.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

"Write every name—lowlier the birth,
Loftier the death!—and trust that when
On this regenerated earth
Rise races of ennobled men,
They will remember—these were they
Who strove to make the nations free,
Not only from the sword's brute sway,
But from the spirit's slavery."
—From the Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE BUDGET OF ARMAGEDDON.

MR. McKENNA has taken for his official motto the old stereotype *Veni, vidi, vici*. None except a Chancellor of the Exchequer—not even the Kaiser himself—would choose this motto in the fourteenth month of a perilous war: it would seem to anyone else far too prophetic to be reasonable. But Mr. McKenna has inherited adventurous power, and he has employed it with unbiased vigour, while smiling just a little benignly in clever after-thoughts which seem to coax somewhat. Not for him is the ideal recreation that toys with the word voluntary. He knows that finance, like war, is always compulsive; relentlessly professional and thorough, not dreamfully attached to abstract ideas and devious illusions. His work is to conscript money for the war; and his mild tax on cocoa proves that he has begun to notice that pacifist school which has done so much during the past fourteen years to mislead the country into the present Budget. The tax on cocoa is at present only tentative, one of the Chancellor's after-thoughts probably; but who does not detect in it something benign? Justice demands that the cheapest cocoa should be raised to the price of the least expensive tea.

On Tuesday afternoon members of the House of Commons during the questioning of Ministers were in a mood very similar to that felt by boys when they are waiting to be soundly birched. It is a curious mood in which anticipative uneasiness tries to be brisk and funny. Its victims want to know the worst—and to feel sore as soon as possible. So the period of direct questions and of evasive answers—a period of voluntary contribution to cloudy half-knowledge—was borne rather impatiently by a crowded House. Everyone knew that the income-taxpayer was going to have a very bad time, for this taxpayer has had so much experience that he has learnt to be docile under compulsion. In peace he pays a war tax, and in war he pays the super-tax of Armageddon. He has no trade union to awe the State, nor would he use it against the State if he happened to possess one, for he represents the law-abiding character of educated public opinion. One relief he claims and takes: he grumbles profusely, habitually; and those who grumble as a habit let off so much steam that they never strike. There are times, of course, when the income-taxpayer pretends that his income is less than he knows it to be, but he learns from a questioning loss of time that precise honesty saves a great deal of worry, an inquisition being a most unpleasant correspondent and cross-examiner. Perhaps the greatest trouble to be faced daily by the male income-taxpayer is the fact that his wife is never reconciled to any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Year after year her thoughts of him—the Chancellor we mean—remain bitterly relentless. Already we have heard many fiercely pathetic criticisms on the new taxation, all of them from women, and they show that among persons of narrow means the housekeeping heart aches, particularly in homes where four or five pounds a week have to maintain four or five children. But crises must come when a great nation scoffs in peace at soldiers and starts to train them by the million after war begins. To-day we pay in full the price of pacifism.

The Chancellor puts his weaker left hand into poor pockets and thrusts his strong right hand deeper into the pockets of the wealthy. But he is fair-spoken, and in his speech he takes pains to restun the House of Commons—and the people also—by piling up colossal figures into unimaginable finance. His new taxation will not come into full operation till the next financial year, 1916-17, when it may yield an estimated revenue of 387 millions, as against the 267 millions schemed for the current year by Mr. Lloyd George. The new taxes during the next six months may gather about 30 millions, increasing the total estimated revenue to

305 millions, and lifting the special war dues of the current year to about 100 millions. The revised expenditure is estimated at 1,590 millions. At the end of this year the living weight of debt will be about 2,200 millions. Former pacifists and others have to contemplate a Navy costing 190 millions, an Army costing 715 millions, and some other vast outgoings, which include loans to our Allies amounting to 423 millions. For some reason or other political dreamers have shown for years a great passion for huge figures in finance. To-day their passion ought to be more than satisfied. To take another example, during the current year there will be a charge of 36 millions on pre- and post-moratorium bills, 170 millions on ordinary national services, excluding the fighting forces, and 56 millions on food supplies, minor items, and contingencies. So it is natural in the circumstances that the income-tax should claim from us all a spirit of robust self-denial.

A rise of 40 per cent. in its rates means rather torrid weather in ordinary household finance. This increase will be for the full year; only 20 per cent. for the remaining six months of this year. The exemption limit is to be lowered from £160 to £130; the abatement from £160 to £120; and the tax—this innovation is thoughtful—will be paid in two half-yearly instalments—in January and July. In the case of employees of all sorts and conditions both assessment and collection will be quarterly. This policy will come into action next year; meantime the tax will be payable in two instalments. Clerks—and other earners of small incomes within the zone of this taxation—are anxious lest expert workmen with taxable incomes should slip away from this burden. The temper of trade unionism has shown itself to be so militant in its own interests, regardless often of the nation's urgent needs, that anxiety on this point is not unreasonable. But Mr. McKenna says distinctly that all income earners are to be treated in the same manner. If they earn more than £2 10s. a week workmen will have to pay income-tax in the same way as anyone else. It is estimated that the lowering of the exemption limit will realise £939,000 in a full year, but we hope the harvest will be richer. The reduction of abatement is a tax-gatherer of £3,821,000, and the increased liability for farmers under Schedule B may yield £2,240,000. No doubt the assessment and the collecting will be thorough. For many years the middle classes have been under the harrow; and now it is high time that prosperous Labour should contribute in direct taxation its full share of just payment.

A man without children, if he earns £2 15s. weekly, will pay 12s. 1d. quarterly; if he earns £3 a week his quarterly income-tax will be 18s. 11d.; if he earns £4 a week, and is without children, his quarterly instalment will be £2 6s. 2d. The trouble is that the same income means a very different thing in different strata of the social life. Rents vary, though excessive rent is the rule in most towns, especially in London. A middle-class man earning from £3 to £5 a week is poorer than a skilled mechanic who receives the same wages. For this and other reasons the income-tax can never be strictly equitable. But we understand that relief will be given to taxable parents of moderate means who have given hostages to fortune. Thirty-six shillings will be deducted this year—and two guineas next year—for each child under sixteen when the income does not exceed £500. This, no doubt, is favourable to large families; but large families are uncommon among those who feel most keenly the responsibility of parentage.

Turn we now to the wealthy, whose previous taxation was not far from the border line of confiscation. Democrats believe that torrid taxation of the rich affects the rich alone; that it has no influence on the varied labour employed by the rich, nor on the arts supported by their tastes, nor on the agriculture cultivated by their hereditary enterprise. In this matter, as in many others, democrats are short-sighted. Private wealth in our country is the patron of patrons to the humane arts, and to starve these arts is to

debase the national life. Generations are soon forgotten, while their arts live on. And what good can we gain as a people by impoverishing the old county families, whose courage in a time of war is always an inspiration to the Army and Navy? These points have a bearing on supertaxation, which has risen now to 2s. 10d. between £8,000 and £9,000; to 3s. 2d. between £9,000 and £10,000; and 3s. 6d. on the surplus of all incomes above £10,000. These additions will yield £2,150,000 this coming half-year and £2,685,000 in a full year. Do you possess £100,000 a year? Then you must smile as happily as you can while writing a cheque for £34,029. On a minor income of £10,000 you will pay £2,529, and on £5,000 a year rather more than a fifth—£1,029. Ministers have not forgotten themselves; and those great legal officers of the Crown who earn handsome riches annually will contribute handsomely to the war expenses. As for the special tax on all profits which have increased during the war, it appeals to us as reasonable enough. It can be adjusted on appeal; and certainly the State merits fifty per cent. of the surplus above £100, this surplus being proved by the income-tax assessment of 1914. To gain wealth out of the present war is not an idea that is at all pleasant to contemplate.

The tax on certain imports—on hats, watches, clocks, musical instruments, plate-glass, motor-cars, motor-cycles, and cinema films—is a steplet in the right direction. It represents one of those compromises which are timid and British. Mr. McKenna himself seems to be conscious of this fact, for he says that it will satisfy neither the Free Trader nor the scientific Tariff Reformer. But, since both of them will have something to grumble over—already some Free Importers scream—the mild discord of a mild compromise will be maintained probably. Dearer sugar, dearer tea, dearer coffee, even dearer cocoa, will help other dearer things in driving the people into thrift. Add to this the post office claims on the public, mostly wise and profitable, and then we realise that we are all entering into the battle-line of war after many years of debauch in silly illusions and wild politics.

Some of the old follies cling to the country still; and among them is the extravagance of local bodies and of other administrations. All social waste must be stopped. Those who levy war taxes must be the first to set a stern example of public economy. It is a public duty to press this matter daily on the Government, for the people—and especially educated women—are shocked and angered by the lack of reasonable economy shown by those who spend the money collected by rates and taxes. And is it fair that the rich who die for us on stricken fields should have their estates ravaged by the unfair incidence of the death duties? Two or three inheritors of the same estate may be killed in this war. One point more: taxation to-day has risen so high that future loans are certain to be affected, but to what extent it is impossible to foresee. The truth is that the last Government, during the culminating years of the German menace, multiplied our social expenditure much too rapidly. To-day is a purgatory where the last ten years are busy in their results.

SERVICE AND LABOUR.

THE organisers of the proposed National Service meeting in the City this week were quite right to postpone it for a week or so at least. We want discretion in this matter, not precipitation, at the present moment. The prospects of obligatory military service for the war are far better to-day than they were on 3, 7, and 14 November 1914, when the SATURDAY REVIEW started the movement. The whole thing was hated at that time. To-day there is at length some good sign of a fair call being made all round: of a just and wise arrangement by which (1) our supply of munitions of war may be largely increased; (2) our trade generally steadied and secured; (3) our recruiting difficulties ended. In short, method in place of muddle, science in place of slipshod, are

favoured to-day more and more in highly responsible quarters. But vehement agitation just now would be extremely ill-advised; it would only offend powerful newcomers into this cause and embarrass the stalwarts.

Reserve and reticence are the best possible line of policy at this moment. Only we should take the precaution to utter a word of warning against what is styled the "quota" plan of compulsion. We have heard much about the "quota" of late. It is a device for coming down on certain districts in the country which have not a very good record, and of raising by compulsory means a levy from each of these. It is favoured largely by born compromisers—by a certain type of mind, termed by some people "Whiggery"—which would always rather wriggle or worm itself round a difficulty than fairly and honourably face and overcome a difficulty. It is favoured by people who think that we can plausibly disarm opposition by a crooked course where we should exasperate opposition by a straight, honourable course. But, as a fact, we should do nothing of the kind. The "quota" device is a bad device. It is a sort of punitive measure against certain districts, and it would leave a lasting slur on them, and would cause the most rancorous feeling, besides being, for reasons into which we cannot now enter, quite unjust in many instances to the districts singled out for "quota" penalties. It would not clear the honour of British manhood generally, but, rather, would serve to assail that honour; and it would not still for one moment the voice of criticism and bitter opposition. Hence the "quota" is a downright bad device, essentially a mean device, and we hope it will be put away. Lord Roberts would never have backed it. He was essentially a moderate statesman, but he scorned all artful dodges such as this "quota".

Intimately, indissolubly connected with the question of National Service is the question of munitions. It is a strange fact that this connection has only very lately begun to dawn on the public. Even trained political intellects apparently failed to grasp the fact that the problem of the men and the problem of the munitions are virtually the same problem; and two of the cleverest and alertest leaders of the present time in the country were, scarcely a matter of a few months ago, saying openly that compulsion was not to be thought or whispered of in regard to the men, but might be necessary in regard to the munitions. As if you could possibly compel munitions before you compel men—as if you could have "conscript labour" before you have "conscripts"! We know what was the result of this very strange delusion of clever men—it is to be seen in the aborted compulsory clauses of the otherwise admirable Munitions Act. We ventured before the passing of that Act to mention meekly (*SATURDAY REVIEW*, 12 June 1915, p. 590) that it could not be done and would never work; but there was no time to think, and the thing had to be rushed through. The compulsory clauses of the Act are of course as dead as the window tax; and, so long as the present arrangement continues, the only thing to do is to humour and to coax and to concede to such demands as the Trades Unions choose to make. Strikes, slackness, and deliberate economy in output of the munitions will be threatened, and, in the case of the second and third of these evils at least, will actually occur more or less; and, as things are at present, we shall have simply to trust to the persuasive powers and to the oratory of the statesmen to overcome or keep them within bounds. It is extremely humiliating to have to recognise this, but we see no use in trying to conceal it, for all the world is wide awake to it. Not all Trades Unionists are slackers or would-be strikers—or, as the Duke of Somerset sternly put it in the "*Morning Post*" of Tuesday, "miserable loafers". Very far from it. The unions have sent hundreds of thousands of men to the Front, and to the new armies that are making themselves ready for the Front, and they are splendid and entirely patriotic soldiers. Also there is a great body of Trades Unionists working at home at the munition factories and workshops and at other

essential trades who are equally devoted and loyal. But there is a minority which cares nothing about the war, spurns the law, and intends to carry on all the customs and enjoy all the rights of peace days; and it is a terribly powerful minority. We cannot profess to hope that it will be got under and brought into line with its gallant comrades until the whole country submits to a scientific organisation.

THE DARDANELLES.

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S second despatch, published on Tuesday, is a signal document. Not only does it stir the heart: it lifts the reader into gratitude and humbles his civilian egotism. If this despatch were understood by everybody here at home, all tetchy disunion would pass away, overcome by the fact that we all live in safety because we are shielded from danger by lost lives and by peerless valour in our soldiers and sailors. The nation is the Army and the Navy, and we stay-at-homes are their pensioners. Humility is—or should be—our lot and gratitude our inspiration. What are we that we should trifle with vile strikes and listen in a mood of compromise to other traitor threats of disorder? Already 80,000 of our men have died that we may live in safety. How they died we may read in several great narratives written by Sir John French and by Sir Ian Hamilton. It is our own fault if we fail to understand our true position in this gigantic war and what it demands from us all in a fine unity of thorough self-denial.

Three qualities are very remarkable in Sir Ian Hamilton's candour: an entire justice to his officers and men, coolness and lucidity of thought under the most difficult and perilous circumstances, and a most graphic prose. Had his account been written *after* the war, among the books of a quiet study, it would be memorable. To see tragic events near at hand and then to write about them in a brief, cool, connected narrative is a real achievement, particularly under a torrid sun and amid an incessant pressure from other business. In almost every sentence that Sir Ian Hamilton writes there is a picture, and equal justice is done to all the troops, French, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, and our own good men and true. French striplings—lads from the most recent levy—show the courage of veterans; and even Wellington's Light Division had not a more mature valour than the genius of courage which has been shown among new troops everywhere at the Dardanelles. Regiments spent with fatigue have risen again and again at the call of duty, to steal from the enemy a hundred yards or so of shot- and shell-swept territory. It happened recently that the central telegraph office at Cape Helles (a dug-out) was struck by a high-explosive shell. The officer on duty and twelve of other ranks were either killed or wounded and the office was entirely destroyed. But No. 72003 Corporal G. A. Walker, Royal Engineers, although much shaken, repaired the damage, collected men, and within 39 minutes reopened communication by apologising for the incident and by saying that he needed no help. He was a host in himself.

One stirring picture shows the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps perched up high on the cliffs at Sari Bair. Their part in the scheme of operations was to keep open a door leading to the vitals of the Turkish position, and to hold up a large body of the enemy before them, so as to ease the strain at Cape Helles. "Anzac, in fact, was cast to play second fiddle to Cape Helles, a part out of harmony with the dare-devil spirit animating those warriors from the South, and so it has come about that the defensive of the Australians and New Zealanders has always tended to take on the character of an attack." Another good picture is entirely French. "The French at first made no move; then, their drums beating and bugles sounding the charge, they suddenly darted forward in a swarm of skirmishers, which seemed in one moment to cover the whole southern face of the ridge of the Kereves Dere. Against these the Turkish gunners

now turned their heaviest pieces, and as the leading groups stormed the first Turkish redoubt the ink-black bursts of high-explosive shells blotted out both assailants and assailed."

And we realise that Gallipoli is a wilderness of tragic hills and cliffs, almost waterless, baked by the sun, swept by hurricanes of shot and shell, but ennobled by such valour as makes the past and present one on the same arid, barren territory. But the main purpose of this article is not to review what Sir Ian Hamilton has written with such a high spirit: it is to suggest that the country has yet to learn how to use great despatches in the best possible manner, in order to get from them a genuinely national effect. Merely to publish them in the newspapers is to obtain a short-lived result, because other events come, and the pitiless clamour of placards and headlines demands for each daily happening, however local in its bearing on the war, an excessive attention. The result is that temporary events obscure those which ought to be always in the public mind; and every despatch from the fronts ought to be counted among the permanent inspirations and achievements.

It is evident to us—and we offer this suggestion to the Government—that Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches, and those from Sir John French, ought to be read aloud at public meetings by men who are accustomed to sway the people; by actors, for example, and by actresses. There are many out of work, and a few magic-lantern slides would add greatly to the value of each reading. There are scores of lecturers also who would gladly help in this good work of education: and surely there are a great many clergymen who would find in these despatches many a lesson that their parishioners ought to learn by heart. Our national weakness everywhere is want of imagination, but what imagination could remain cold and callous if these despatches were read aloud to the people and explained?

LEGENDS OF THE WAR.

AS we fully expected, the "Westminster Gazette" has found an excuse for the various legends about the war which it prints in such plenty—legends about the Turks being on the roofs at Constantinople watching for the smoke of the Allied Fleet before they bolt into far Asia Minor somewhere, the collapse of Austria every third day or so, the hungeriness of the Berlin people, and many others of the kind. "It is impossible", says the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette", "for a daily paper always to sift these stories as they come, and all that we have done has been to print the good news as well as the bad!"

We beg pardon: that is not all that the "Westminster Gazette" has done: it has printed these ridiculous legends, as it quite well knows, with huge and heavy headlines or cross-headings. It has displayed them in the most prominent pages—"splash" pages, we have heard, is the correct technical description—and placarded them for all they are worth; and so far as we have noticed it has taken very good care not to dress up and display in corresponding fashion news or rumours which point to the conclusion that the Turks are not yet on the roofs (or were not last April), Austria not yet collapsed, Berlin not yet starving, etc.

Further, is not the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette" a little too modest when he tells us he finds it impossible to sift daily such stories as they come? We cannot resist the suspicion that if stories came to Mr. Spender which told against his political friends and political theories, he would "sift" them very severely indeed.

Mr. Spender insists that we are "very much affronted" at his criticism of the SATURDAY REVIEW through the medium of one of his correspondents. No, we are not affronted by that at all; but we are affronted—that is the exact word—and have been disgusted for many months past, by the enervating trash about the general break-up of the enemy all round which appears on certain posters and on certain

"splash" sheets. If Mr. Spender will look back, he will find that we drew attention somewhat markedly to all such mischievous trash ("fatuous optimism" Mr. Lloyd George calls it) in the Spring—long before he had the SATURDAY REVIEW criticised in his paper for its "deadly earnestness" about the war and "want of humour". Is Mr. Spender quite sure that he has not got the boot on the wrong editorial foot somehow, and that it is really pinching not us, but himself? If, moreover, he thinks that we are peculiar in disliking legends about the Turks on the roofs, etc., we suggest he should read a letter from the National Liberal Club which appears in this issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. His own political associates seem to be growing rather restive. We hope he may not share the fate of Actæon and be eaten by his own dogs.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 60) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

I.

"It is difficulties which show what men are."

THE tide of war, which continues to ebb with such pronounced persistency in the Eastern theatre, is creating a gap in the co-ordinate strategy of the Allies that will require filling from some source if victory be the ultimate aim of the Entente Powers. Russia by the force of circumstances is called upon to leave the field for a period in order to rearm. We can hardly assume that under the circumstances the Allies have reached the stage in the War when the issue and decision by arms is no longer doubtful or the period when the military element naturally makes way more and more for the political. We get farther from a triumph and seem content to live in hope buoyed up by fine words as to the ultimate issue. "Victory so far as material calculations go", said Mr. Asquith in his statement to Parliament, "seems likely to incline to the side which can arm itself best and can stay the longest. And that is what we mean to do." Had the idea been given birth a year ago and allowed to mature into reality we should have been spared the cheerless picture which the military situation as a whole now presents. Has not the hour arrived when we should cease to think and begin to act, to confess that our conception of war as illustrated by the military might of our antagonist "has exceeded the gloomiest prognostications", as Mr. Lloyd George acknowledges, and that the whole strength of the Allied nations must be put into the trial at arms to save them from the ignominy of a drawn contest? Perish the thought of such a finality! We are shaping for another war unless we steel our hearts to make conclusive the gigantic struggle to which we are committed. We have signally failed to grasp the immensity of the task before us. The wisest amongst us have been wrong in their calculations and forecasts. The proved fallibility of the appreciation of the situation given to us by our authorities should set the nation a-thinking how to act. When we hear that in the East the Germans have almost shot their bolt, that their victories may prove to be defeats in disguise, and when within a week of that statement we realise not only that our Ally has been perilously near to losing an army but that the aim of German strategy in the East promises to be realised, then we may justly question the value of the opinions of our army of optimists. We began this contest with the brain of infants in our idea of war, and we still remain children in our conception of it. The struggle is permitted to cross and recross the Channel as the interest hovers between the fighters for enemy blood abroad and the fighters for gold at home. It will continue thus to waver as long as divided counsels refuse to focus the national strength and will for one super-human effort. The soldier is familiar with and appreciates the old saying, "Orders, counter orders, disorders". The nation hears and reads of dictions, interdictions and contradictions among its rulers, and ponders and is content to ponder thereon. Ere long

it may have reason for maledictions on this example of indecision and the lack of unanimity of ideas. An ex-Lord Chancellor blames the democracy for its apathy. "The public", writes Lord Haldane in the Press, "did not insist that the unrest of Europe should be the foremost subject of political consideration, nor was it ready to devote the nation's energies to securing its future in peace any more than in war. The democracy in this country was suffering from an indisposition to reflect, and, in consequence, was not disposed to listen to the few who preached". Nice words from an ex-War Minister who reduced the numbers in the Regular Army by 30,000. What faith can be placed in such a preacher? A patriotic Press that steps in to awaken the nation to its danger and to a sense of duty is promptly attacked by the politician whose perspective of war is eclipsed by the prospect of a contest at the polls. Repeatedly in these pages has it been attempted to prove that only by an organisation that is prepared to meet and defeat the extreme military situations that can be presented in this war can we hope for a triumph. The contest for all we know may resolve itself into a duel. Are we prepared for such an eventuality? If not, why not? We know, alas! too well, that to train and arm for war is not a matter for a day. Nobody can assert that the military situation of the Allies offers a picture that is otherwise than gloomy, and yet without much effort one touch of a new brush might alter the entire perspective. We have been informed that the channels of recruiting under the so-called voluntary efforts are threatening to run dry. What better incentive to allow them to become a desert than the optimistic statements made recently by the authorities? We positively revel in furnishing pegs upon which the shirker can hang his excuses for remissness of duty. The layman will be interested to learn that as the war progresses the fighting ranks of the Regular Army are daily sending back to civil life the most convincing evidence to the "slacker" that his services are not required. The terms of enlistment under the Army Act prescribe that for one year only during a state of war can a man be retained in the ranks beyond his period of original engagement. The framers of the Act distinctly did not anticipate that our armies were doomed to prolonged hostilities. What is the result? Men in hundreds are now being discharged who have fulfilled their term. They flood the country in each succeeding month, and the slacker retorts to the recruiter: How can you say you want my services when you are discharging eligible soldiers from the Front? It seems curious that while the necessity arose last May to amend the Army Act, which gave power to the Secretary of State for War to transfer men from corps to corps, there was overlooked the possibility of losing the best soldiers in the Army during the period of war. Maybe the new Budget, with the compelling influence of poverty, may drive some back to the Colours, for the starveling with an empty purse has for ages been the best friend to the recruiting sergeant. We have surely had enough of the muddled complications of the voluntary attempt to perform a national duty. We should be ashamed of the disgraceful subterfuges that have been tried to coax and wheedle men of various forms of physical ability to fill up the numbers wanting to complete our cadres. Crowds of us fondly cherish the hope that our superiority in riches will suffice to decide the issue. Our wealth, which gives us such strength for the combat that we have to face, cannot be fruitful unless the people are willing to make sacrifices. Sacrifices that are made late are not able to retrieve what has been neglected at the proper time. We can dismiss with scorn the claptrap of a "short cut to victory" when the necessary means for victory, which involve the power of expansion and maintenance of our armies in the field are dependent upon individual will. We have but to call for a prompt decision, and from a man whose voice will be accepted by troublers whose province is to sow the seeds of discord. There is but little for him to do; there are workers in

abundance with brain power to help oil the machinery. The heart of the country is really with him. He has but to say, like Mark Antony—

"Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot
Take thou what course thou wilt."

II.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

It is safer to steer clear of forecasts and fancies when writing an appreciation of the situation in the Eastern theatre. The wisest of us are apt to go wrong, as we have had reason to learn, and no critic travels deeper out of his depth than he who bases his optimism of success to the arms of the Allied Powers on the limits of endurance of the German armies. We are daily confronted with a fresh success to these arms. The unexpected opened the war scene of August 1914. The unexpected is produced with each succeeding month as the struggle proceeds. It is the result of thinking in war and of war and nothing else by the scientists, both civil and military, that are leading the German nation. As the conqueror's feet tread new territory he will take good care that he exploits the land to his advantage and for the cause for which alone he aims—victory. The financial problem, the food problem, the supply of raw material problem for the prosecution of war will be eased instead of being hampered. The cost will be the burden of the victims of triumph. The German can be trusted to know exactly how far it will pay him to invade and conquer, and there he will stop. He knows better than others the real value of the unfortunate phrase "defeats in disguise". It is the province of the co-ordinate strategy of the Allies to evict him from what he holds, and it is not to be done by abuse, idle words, or claptrap.

The advance of the line of hostile phalanxes into Russian territory continues in the wonderful methodical way in which it started six months ago. As outlined in previous letters, it has been a step-by-step movement eastward, made with a splendid calculation that has gained the successive lines of railway that traverse the country of our Ally from north to south, with the purpose to secure lateral communication between the advancing armies as each step in progress is made good: The line of the Vistula a first objective, with all the rail transit that converges at Warsaw; the second step towards the buttress of Brest and the line of railway that runs through it from Bjelostock on the north to Kovel on the south. The final stride promises to carry the German armies to a strategic front that will allow the foe either to deal hammer blows or rest in comparative ease, whichever suits him best. In this method of railway warfare a Continental Bradshaw will suffice for the club strategist if he cares to follow operations. The line that starts from Vilna on the north through Lida, Baronowitschi, Luninetz (east of Pinsk), Sarny (with branch to Kiev) to Rovno will when reached permit of concentration of numbers in such force to the north or south as to give the great General Staff the advantage of operating with their armies as upon a stage. The aim of the "brain" of the German Army is clear. The possession of such a strong strategic situation will be worth a half million men to the Dual Alliance. They can afford to discount their heavy losses by the gain of such a military advantage. It is true that the possession of the entire length of this powerful line has not yet been achieved. The checks given by our Ally in the south zone by the armies under Ivanoff to the Austro-Hungarian advance on the River Sereth have been of service, but the inability to follow up success can hardly be called victory, and it is but a question of time when a hostile concentration will put a seal upon the German objective and the junction at Rovno fall to their arms.

In the operations that have taken place between Dwinsk and Vilna, and have led to the out-manœuvring of our Ally, we have returned to the war of movements in which masses of cavalry have come again to assert their province in war, not for opera-

tions of mass upon mass with the cavalry spirit which delights the true horseman, but to test the new training of the mounted man as a cavalry that can shoot. No greater surprise can have been in store for our Ally than to find thousands of riflemen who have wended their way through the lake-strewn, roadless district that lies to the north of Vilna in the region of Swenizany, a veritable maze of rivulets and waterways, and threading their way unassailed have suddenly burst upon the rear of the Russian armies that have been holding up the foe that threatened Vilna, and at Molodeczna have cut into the line of their communication to the east. We are getting back to the days of Sheridan and Stuart when we read of the ventures of the mounted riflemen. Successes of this nature that are made by the cavalry corps require not only a leader but a director, and a man who knows the terrain. No one in the Eastern theatre of war has made a better or more profitable study of lakeland warfare than stout von Hindenburg. His genius for a war of this nature has imposed upon our Ally a situation which savours of the critical.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

By DÉSIREE WELBY.

NOTHING has more deeply impressed those who have visited France during the last year than the change everywhere apparent in the life of the people. The somewhat popular belief hitherto held by many in England, based no doubt on a few weeks' holiday in Paris, that the French were a highly strung emotional race, given to expending much energy on words and gesticulations, has proved but a shallow interpretation of an outward form that has no part in the real France. Those who have seen her in the hour of trial, the enemy within her gates, laying waste her lands, destroying her cities, and have watched her indomitable spirit in the face of disaster, her determined perseverance, and above all her calm resignation, have realised that these are no momentary displays of qualities called forth by the exigencies of the moment, but the moral force of character which comes from long apprenticeship and deep conviction in those ideals which are the essence of her faith and the foundation of her civilisation.

The entire surrender of the whole population to the achievement of one purpose, the universal abandonment of pleasure and profitless occupation, the utilisation of all energy to the prosecution of one end show an adaptability and power of organisation which fill us with a great wonder and admiration; an admiration the more profound because these results were accomplished without resort to any expedients for rousing a sense of responsibility, without any appeals to patriotism or promptings of leaders. There was the simple call to duty, the people obeyed it.

But, if France has shown incomparable qualities of faith, devotion, and perseverance, she has also displayed marvels in resource. Like other nations she had miscalculated. She immediately set herself to rectify mistakes and to adjust herself to new conditions. She did not hesitate to make changes wherever necessary, and to subordinate all individual claims to the one supreme issue. In spite of the fact that her great coal area and by far the largest proportion of her iron and steel productions are in the hands of the enemy, while some of her most important factories are either destroyed or being used against her, she has managed to equip and supply vast armies in the field, organising her labour and material with a skill that we are just beginning to imitate.

Yet to the visitor in France it is not her resource and technical skill nor her power of organisation, but the spirit of her men and women that makes the direct appeal. The complete absence of that parade, advertisement and persuasion which go by the name of recruiting and are necessitated by a voluntary system cannot fail to impress the Englishman. Such have no place in the land of France. The country is in danger, the men go to her aid. There is no discussion, there is nothing to discuss. It is their duty, they do it. The women also have shown they can play their part, a part no less noble and comprehensive than that of the men. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the Frenchwoman without any demonstration quietly carries on the life of the town and village. Stepping into her husband's place, keeping his business going, managing his affairs, she displays a capacity and grasp of detail that do her the utmost credit, bringing into play those very qualities of thrift, industry, and economy which are part of her very self and the greatest asset to a nation at war. We see her in her home, rising early, going to bed late, yet never too busy for a few words of friendly intercourse, quietly cheerful, invariably a smile though the tears are not far behind, her whole being set to the single purpose of doing her share.

Again, the fact that women habitually participate so largely in the cultivation of the soil is of the highest value where the whole available manhood is liable suddenly to be called away. There is something very splendid about these peasant women in their rough clothes toiling incessantly in the fields, but that which leaves ineffaceable memory are those bent figures, hardly distinguishable from the newly turned earth, working in districts where the enemy has lately been. Villages ruined and lying in blackened heaps surround them, the ground scarred with recently filled in trenches, trees cut down and lying where they fell, and scattered everywhere, sometimes by the roadside, sometimes in the middle of a ploughed field, or huddled together in a corner, those little mounds which mark the graves of heroes. The women never murmur, but with set faces bend their backs to the task, for France will reap yet another harvest.

To those who had only known her superficially the Frenchwoman, as disclosed by war, is a new revelation, a new inspiration. Her simple faith, her silent endurance, her unshakable belief in her man and her country, and above all her conception of duty speak with a deep significance and fill us with a great humility by the very admiration they call forth. The simplicity of her virtues is at once the greatness and the strength of France. Her creed is a very simple one, but her people understand it. It is summed up in the words "La Patrie". And as we see our great Ally torn, mutilated, suffering, yet rising in that unconquerable spirit to the accomplishment of her task and the fulfilment of her destiny, we know that though delayed her day of deliverance is assured. It is spirit not steel that makes for final victory, and in the end the fate of a nation is decided not only by the number of her army corps and Dreadnoughts but by the character of her people.

The very measure of her sacrifice is the measure of her gain, for there are greater things in life than living. The glories of France cannot fade nor the deeds of her sons and daughters perish, for the spirit of a nation is immortal and lives on as the priceless possession of posterity and its future inspiration.

GENIUS AND FICTION.*

I.

WHAT is genius? It is a single creative agent with a double sex. That is to say, its attributes are partly male, partly female; and much depends on the balance of this bisexuality. When the female attributes in the genius of a man gain empire and precedence over the male qualities, as in J. J. Rousseau, then a feminine bias controls the manhood of creative art; and this defect—in a man's prolific vision—offends against human nature. Only a woman's genius ought to be—shall we say a male parliament governed by a Cabinet of good and great women?

If we try to understand a supreme genius we may assume, without any great extravagance, that the bisexual character represents human nature in essence; that it includes not merely the Adam and Eve of evolution, but their history also through all their many epochs of creeping progress, of depositing social culture; for genius could not explore all the depths of human vice and all the heights of human virtue unless it carried within itself all the wondrous varied capacities distributed among the historic commonalty of mankind. Take Shakespeare as a marvellous example. In Caliban he discovers our arborial ancestry, forecasting intuitively a Darwinian progenitor of man. In his attitude towards children he is several mothers and several fathers. Also he is at home in a fiercely barbaric womanhood, a twin sister to Goneril and to Regan also; and never does he fail to be the woman or the girl that he gestates from his creative nature. Shakespeare is each and all of the characters in those thronged worlds which we call his plays. But yet his genius, though nationed and provincied into mankind, is not strictly cosmopolitan; it is an English colonist and an English patriot; it gives to the whole of human nature an English accent and a sea change.

Criticism would be aided very much if the duality of sex in true genius received as much attention as it invites and merits. Students and others would learn then that the language of criticism is narrow and incomplete; that it needs, for example, a good many descriptive pronouns. To talk of genius as "it" is to tell a lie, since genius has two sexes; and for the same reason we cannot always employ with truth either "he" or "she". What we need is invention—a little set of new pronouns. Thus, for example:—

"It-she" would mean a feminine genius in which the male qualities are so neutral that they do but little work;

"It-he" would mean a masculine genius in which the female attributes are usually silent or inactive;

"He" and "him" applied to a man's genius would mean that the male qualities rule; applied to a woman's genius they would denote a wrong balance unfriendly to the gifts of womanhood;

"She" and "her" applied to a woman's genius would be praise; to a man's genius fault-finding.

"It" would be superlative censure. To speak of a book as "it" would mean that it had no genius at all. To refer to a man's book as "it-she" would give the work a place at once in the psychology of genius; brevity then would be the soul of criticism.

For some reason or other the "it-she" order of genius in recent times has been very common among British authors and British painters. This fact has been evident not merely in their productions, but also in their physical presence, in their expressions of face and in their manners. As a rule a certain look of womanhood sweetens the face of a man genius. Even Rubens and Dumas have this look; but an excess of womanhood discredits a man's facial eloquence. Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Charles Reade, George Meredith, have finely balanced portraits in which masculine vigour and feminine sensitiveness are blended in just the right proportions;

whereas in Shelley the feminine grace and alertness are rather too evident. In George Eliot's portrait the masculine traits are somewhat too emphatic, like the manly philosophising in her noble books. This woman of genius divines too little and reasons too much; she has not enough confidence in the female sex, and sets too much store by the male thoughts which she has acquired from difficult reading and plodding meditation. Her genius—an "it-he" too often—is more masculine than is that of many a novelist now living. Yes, and set her portrait side by side with those of Browning and Carlyle and you will see that the features and the expressions are brotherly.

Even in Thackeray's disposition a reader feels emotions which at times are distinctively of the "it-she" order. So womanly at times is his tenderness of heart that life unnerves him, yet he suffers much less than Fielding. Dickens, too, for a good many years, yielding to the pressure of industrialised strife, is overcome; his prose trots frequently into an emotional blank verse, and the day's drama tortures his judgment. He laughs less and sorrows more. What right has he to talk to the public about his domestic troubles? In such moments he is akin to J. J. Rousseau: his genius for a while has ceased to be male, and has become an "it-she". And yet, when viewed as a whole, and when compared with to-day's novelists, how virile is Dickens and how virile is Thackeray!

II.

To what do they owe their moments of feminine weakness? and where does Carlyle get the vehement nerves in his latter-day work? By answering these questions we may draw close to the "it-she" character of to-day's fiction. No answer should be dogmatic, but tentative explanations are useful and necessary. For instance, a sudden and very rapid improvisation of a new social life in an old country must have a powerful influence on genius; and when the improvisation is accompanied by tragical contrasts between vast prosperity and vast misery its influence on genius must accumulate a vast legacy of disturbing power. Between 1814 and 1914 the population of England was more than doubled, and industrialism ravaged a great many countrysides and huddled together overthronged civic offerings to King Jerry. There was less change between 1066 and 1814. Add to this fact an atmosphere of clamorous fads, and also a disease of self-conscious effort in all departments of art and of thought. For thirty years, or rather more, writers and other artists have hunted after originality and after "progress" as adventurers of earlier times searched after El Dorado. Egoism, just by being too conscious of itself, has tried to add cubits to its stature. Here and there a true genius—George Meredith, for example—has been loyal to the perennial things of greatness; but usually the genius of the last thirty years or so has not matured.

There is no room here to develop these reflections, but enough has been said to set a debate in movement; and the debate can centre with advantage around three good novels which have just been published. One of them is Mr. Conrad's "Victory", another Mr. Hewlett's "The Little Iliad", and then there is "The Research Magnificent" by Mr. H. G. Wells. That these novels are good, that they do justice to their versatile authors, is certain. The best of the three is "Victory", not because of its alembicated "style"—routine criticism broods applaudingly over Mr. Conrad's "style"—but because it penetrates deeper and more maturely into the heart's many dramas and many comedies. Mr. Conrad's drawback is that he does not let himself go often enough, but obeys too meekly the painful methods of Flaubert, as Pascal obeyed too often the saintly self-tortment that pressed iron spikes into his unoffending body. But in the large syntheses of art Mr. Conrad reveals judgment and imaginative vision. He knows more about human nature than Mr. Wells, and he seems to know it at first-hand, through suffering and through sympathetic observation.

* "Victory." By Joseph Conrad. Methuen. 6s. "The Little Iliad." By Maurice Hewlett. Heinemann. 6s. "The Research Magnificent." By H. G. Wells. Macmillan. 6s.

Mr. Wells has changed a great deal in his manner of expression. Pretty often his style to-day is like the flight of a chaffinch—a jerky flight of brief undulations; and this implies an excess of emotion over meditation. But Mr. Wells achieves one advantage over Mr. Conrad, who would be uninteresting were he to dodge here and there into spiritual Pripet marshes and into tortuous blind-alleys. Mr. Wells invariably is a deft and swift entertainer. Even his "War that will End War", though as juvenile as a boy's conception of statesmanship, is readable and diverting. Even his modern whimsies are played with so expertly that they have the charm of prestidigitation. For Mr. Wells has an alert and abiding faith in Mr. Wells. He is by far more self-conscious than Mr. Conrad, though at times Mr. Conrad makes unfortunate concessions to the self-spirit of his generation. In the preface of "Victory" Mr. Conrad says: "I am not likely to offer pinchbeck wares to my public consciously", as if novel-writing were a new gospel afraid of the higher criticism. "I don't pretend to say that this is the entire Teutonic psychology", he remarks of his character Schomberg, "but it is indubitably the psychology of a Teuton". What seriousness! And what a help to young reviewers! But surely Mr. Conrad ought to know that the dominant people in Germany are *not* Teutons; the racial preponderance there, as in the greater part of Europe, comes from the Alpine race, usually misnamed Celtic—a race notably absent from Ireland and the Celtic fringes. Scandinavia—Norway, Sweden, Denmark—forms the headquarters of the Teutonic or Nordic race. Mr. Conrad loses touch with Chalmers Mitchell, and with Professor Ripley's "The Races of Europe". His Schomberg is a study of German kultur, not of Teutonic psychology.

For the rest, can we say that these three novelists, or any others now living here in England, take rank among their classic predecessors? Is there not a wide abyss between them and Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Dean Swift, and Laurence Sterne? Are they not lacking in a certain maturity that is quotable? Are they not too modernised to be contemporaries of all the ages? And has not fiction become a tremendous inundation, instead of remaining a system of noble rivers, varied streams, and large fresh lakes? Here and there a young man may quote from our current novelists; but neither men of culture nor men of the world pay them this high compliment. To quote from Meredith is to feel that one is placing one's thinned regiment of ideas under the control of a great general. What would you feel if you quoted from Mr. Hewlett or from Mr. Arnold Bennett? Would it give you a feeling of security? Three or four of the new young men show great promise, but will they mature? or will they spin around themselves like tops?

All the influences of recent times have been favourable to a high level of technical uniformity in fiction, despite much confused thought. Briefly, it has been a period of valleys and of little hills, not a period of Alpine peaks. Also—and this no doubt is worse—it has been a period of faddy egoism, as self-conscious as are pretty girls at their first dance. Even in war we loiter month after month with compromises and give elaborated reasons for the need of half-measures and for the holiness of ineffectual abstract ideas; as if explanations and whims could defeat the perfected routine of a barbaric and thorough enemy. Providence has petted us overmuch: and we in our turn have pampered ourselves and swaddled our arts, forgetting that hard effort and adventure are to genius what sea winds are to health. Novel-writing might be a new solar system, its professional devotees talk of it with such reverence. Says Mr. Conrad of his supposed Teuton, Schomberg: "My object in mentioning him here is to bring out the fact that, far from being the incarnation of recent animosities, he is the creature of my old, deep-seated and, as it were, impartial conviction". Good heavens! Is humour to be absent from unnecessary explanations? What the

arts need to-day is opposition, true adventure, and difficult conquest. They have dallied too long in a cradled criticism.

CHORAL SOCIETIES v. OPERA.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE fires of war are purging away many evil or superfluous things. It will be interesting to observe the effect on the choral societies of Great Britain, as well as on those great national institutions, our provincial musical festivals. The choral societies are by no means altogether an evil, nor were they once upon a time superfluous; the festivals were from the beginning an unmitigated nuisance and an evil. Leaving this latter point—and perhaps for ever, since far too many gallons of ink have been spent on them—let us consider what is happening in the case of the choral societies, or rather the present significance of what is happening, the present significance and probable future fruits. Everyone may not know what occurred when war broke out. They were of course all *en vacance*; and when the time arrived for resuming work the various committees, after ascertaining the views of the members, simply announced that until further notice there would be no more rehearsals. This was not because of the frivolity of these proceedings, for choral societies always regard their labours with immense seriousness and sometimes with solemnity. All the same, undoubtedly everyone felt that at such a moment of unprecedented crisis the wait-and-see policy was both decorous and wise; and the gayer sparks pointed out that if the enemy really intended coming it would be a waste of money to buy scores and parts. But the gravest reason was the huge proportion of tenors and basses who had joined the national forces. There was an epoch—and I am old enough to remember it—when the gentlemen of a choir looked down patronisingly upon any singer younger than fifty. That period is past—happily; and now it is generally recognised that a man who is too old for military service is too old to take part in a fine chorus—a statement with which most singers will emphatically disagree. So, as far as choral societies were concerned, it was decided there should not be business as usual. That is what happened; before proceeding to what follows as an indirect result, let us ask whether this widespread shutting up shop involved any loss to the musical life of the nation. My own answer may readily be guessed. According to my dictionary a thing superfluous is a thing not wanted. A choral society is a superfluity: ergo, we don't want it and can do without it—in fact, I shall try to show that we are better without it. In the early part of last century choral bodies had their uses; we who are living to-day, if we only knew it, owe much to them. They sang the masterpieces of oratorio at a time when no other music could be heard. But quickly they grew satisfied with their efforts and complacently settled down to sing a few "standard" works over and over again. The conservative older members prided themselves on their loyalty to Handel and Haydn; Bach they never heard of, and Beethoven they regarded as an upstart; they scorned the new-fangled notions of the young men. While they pleased themselves with bawling "Judas Maccabæus" and the "Creation" the artistic part of the audiences got bored and ceased to attend, while those who remained looked on the concerts simply as social functions—social functions, be it said, of a more or less bourgeois character. Now endless Handel and Haydn was bad enough, but worse followed. The artistic element was hopelessly, eternally alienated: from it no support could be hoped. One by one the old stagers dropped off, and a younger generation, equally inartistic but weary of well-worn works, demanded something newer, popular and easy to sing. That was the chance for two classes, the cheap and nasty popular composers and the publishers who were not ashamed of issuing anything as long as it sold. Hundreds of cantatas "adapted to small choirs" were poured forth

and eagerly taken up; all good music was dropped, and a choral society concert became a thing to be endured with set teeth. As in every suburb of London and every provincial town all the money available for music was secured by these grotesque entertainments, good modern music, especially orchestral music, had little chance and opera had no chance at all. Then came a revolution. Orchestral music asserted itself and the public took heartily to it, and were choral societies ever so much reformed there was and is no need for them. Such an institution as the London Choral Society is a different matter, for some good choral music will continue to be written—but the ordinary society is, I devoutly pray, gone for ever.

The reason for believing it has gone for ever is this: that throughout the country, as I have noted for months, comparatively small amateur operatic companies are being formed. These must of necessity be absorbing all the best voices for principals and chorus; and if, "after the war", the old stagers should wish to resume dreary renderings of trade cantatas the attempt must and will fail for want of singers. This is the hopeful sign and promise for the future. It may be said that presently the market will be flooded with trade operas no better than the trade cantatas, and undoubtedly such a possibility exists. But these two things make against the possibility growing into a probability and the probability becoming a reality. In the first place it is by no means as easy to write an effective opera as an ineffective cantata; and while the second was always tolerated the first never will be. Secondly, the debased public taste which permitted the choral societies to sing bad music for so long a period is a thing of the past. Further, if a new trade were created it would not be so profitable as the old one. Only hundreds of copies of a successful opera will be sold as against thousands of a successful cantata. The old trade, I take it, is already killed: the practitioners will have to go in for some other form of industry; and for the prevention of the formation of a new trade I look to the superiority of the work that our genuine composers will be able to write. I look also to the new condition of things for the encouragement of the composers we already know and the drawing out of unknown men. They will have the opportunity that was wanted—that of writing good light opera. Small amateur companies will never dream of tackling "Tristan" or "The Ring"; they will demand operas that do not depend for their effect on huge orchestras and gorgeous dresses and scenery: works planned on a small scale, costing little to produce, will be the thing, the only thing, for small companies as surely as it is the only thing for our men. Little operas can be composed as well by our men as by any foreigner or American; and there will no longer be any excuse for waiting to see if a novelty makes a success abroad before producing it in London. Thank heaven, we need have no more "Merry Widows", no more filthy "Rosenkavaliers"! A last point may be considered: opera companies will be the best possible school for young singers, and when our "Tag" dawns and we get a permanent opera-house we shall not have to fall back on the ubiquitous foreigner for artists. The outlook for English music is brighter than it has ever been before: at last we seem to have taken the right road.

An indication of how things are going in favour of opera is that Mr. Courtneidge and Mr. Thomas Beecham start a season on 2 October. Further, Mr. Harrison Frewin's company is doing well, and the news of the Carl Rosa, Moody-Manners, and D'Oyly Carte companies is to the same effect. Mr. Frewin's company does a number of the stock pieces, but also a very light work from his own pen. He calls his "Punch and Judy" an opera or pantomime. The story is lively extravaganza, and traces the course of the hero and heroine through the ages, from the time when Æsop was assassinated by the women of Athens because he insisted on instructing their children by means of fables, to a carnival in Naples in the Middle Ages, and thence to the present day, where we see

Punch, Judy, Toby and all finally ousted from public favour by the Cinema. This is by no means the kind of light opera I want to see our composers producing. The humour and nonsense of it are Mr. Frewin's own, and if it is all as good and funny as the parts I have seen it will deserve to become popular. But the kind of opera I am thinking of is opera on the scale, say, of Mozart's "Figaro". The utmost beauty will be required; the most fastidious workmanship. Blood and thunder and murder, and slipshod work, after the "Cavalleria" style, cannot hope either to attract singers or hold audiences. "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" are old-fashioned and played out; we want something fresher and finer, and I believe we shall get it. Some of the men who might give it to us are having compositions performed by Sir Henry Wood at Promenade Concerts; and a parcel of them I will deal with in a separate article shortly. In the meantime it is good news that the "Proms." are going on well; and also that a *matinée* tried on Wednesday was so successful that it will be repeated on Wednesday next. Dark streets may be very picturesque, but they do not encourage people to stay out late for the sake of attending evening concerts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WAR AND DEATH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The war is proving a great schoolmaster. We have learnt already how a man may lose his life to save it; and save his life, only to lose it together with all that makes life worth living. That danger and death, when Duty calls, are the very salt and savour of life.

Our ideas of death, too, are changing. Death has come so close to us that we have almost ceased to fear him, for we have learnt that there are things more to be feared than death. It is becoming a very natural thing to pray for the dead. The barrier between the dead and the living has grown so thin, and prayer is after all but an expression of love. Prayer, like love, needs no words. At times prayer and thanksgiving are one, as in the familiar and now too poignant words, "We also bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

We need not wait now for our All Souls' Day. We commemorate them daily and hourly. We all have our soldier-saints.

"The unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep.
The bravely dumb who did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name.
Men of the plain heroic breed,
Who loved heaven's silence more than fame."

How imperfectly, confusedly, sorrowfully, we too often think of our dead. We naturally think of what they were, and treasure all their past, but so seldom think of what they are now at this moment; not what they are doing, for that we cannot tell. But we can assure ourselves as to their existence, their companionships, their exceeding great reward. Has it ever crossed our minds that it is not we who ought to pity them, but rather it is they who may be pitying us? Once we thought St. Paul exaggerated when he said, "I am in a dilemma betwixt two things, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." To him it was a choice between two immense blessings, life and death. Apparently there never was a time when somewhere the hope of Immortality has not been found. It comes, of course, from the East, which looks on the things of the spirit with a deeper, profounder gaze than the West. It is so old that we cannot guess its origin. Probably for 10,000 years men have lived and died in the hope that they would pass the ordeal of the weighing of the heart in the Hall

of Judgment. The secret lies buried in Egypt. And when we come upon it first the hope is strangely like our own, only immature, waiting for more light. There the unlettered tiller of the soil, the humble worshipper of Osiris, used to dream of "The Field of Peace", "where wheat and barley grew in abundance, and where a man should possess a vine, and fig trees, and date palms"; much as our own country people dream of those "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood". Then there was the vast temple of Heliopolis, sacred to Ra, with its college of learned priests, its splendid ritual, the centre of a highly spiritualised religion. It speaks of a Light unapproachable by impure man. For them the dead are now "robed in light", their food is light, and they "dwell in the midst of light". It is strange that Moses, who must have learnt at Heliopolis this lofty conception of spiritual Immortality, did not impart it to the Jews. The secret apparently died with him for over 1,000 years.

The Jews were destined to reach the Hope by a different road, "The Way of Holiness". Yet a nation that can produce such sayings as "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord", and "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty and the land that is very far off", is not forgetful of immortality.

Greek thought was early busy along that borderland of death and life. To Socrates it "came apart from demonstration, with a sort of likelihood and fitness". At the close of his trial when, as a condemned man, he addresses his judges he uses these words: "Believe this, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death. . . . And now the time has come, and we must go hence; I to die, and you to live. Whether life or death is better is known to God, and to God only."

The hope of the wisest of the Greeks is found transfigured in the inspired words of the Christian saint: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any alien creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." Christianity first taught men to live and die in the "sure and certain hope" of an immortal life beyond the grave. "It was", writes Loisy, "in the tomb of Christ that indestructible faith was born in the victory of man over death and in an eternal life." Christianity has also taught us the value of quality as well as permanence. Life has become a porch in the palace of the Great King. It is a school, a place of preparation of the soul for a bliss which at present it is unable to bear. The real life lies there. Then the gulf between becomes more narrow. We learn that that life may, nay does, commence here. Man's life is no longer bounded by threescore years and ten. Henceforth it has eternity to grow in. There appears therefore no limit to its growth short of that perfect life of which a glimpse has been given us in Galilee.

We can now better understand the yearning desire of St. Paul "to depart and be with Christ". His eager spirit chafed and fretted, longing to be away, and be "at home in the Lord". Perhaps, too, we can better enter into the mind of those who are so quickly passing from us. Not out into utter bewilderment and silence and darkness do they pass, but to a "Home" "prepared" for them, to a Destiny for which they are fully ready, and for which their last supreme hours of endurance were their Creator's appointed preparation.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. MARSHALL.

THE GOVERNMENT AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

23 September 1915.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George's letter to an anonymous constituent has carried the recruiting controversy a step further by its admission that the Government is bound

to give a lead, an obligation which might have been taken for granted but for the recent utterance of a well-known Radical statesman, whose advancement to the Order of Merit is a guarantee that he stands high in the opinion of his late colleagues.

The letter, however, gives no indication as to when the lead is to be expected. We are told after fourteen months of war, as if it was an altogether new dilemma, that the question whether the moral obligation of every able-bodied man to defend his country should be converted into a legal obligation is one which the Government are engaged in examining—and that delay might be disastrous. Has it not been disastrous already? We are further told that if we can win through the war on the voluntary system it would be folly to change it. Has not the folly been to persevere with it so long?

The multitude of men enrolled whose work would have been priceless at home, the numerous families who have sacrificed all they hold dear, while others have made no sacrifice at all, the professional men who have surrendered their interests for the advantage of others less patriotic, the host of widows and orphans thrown for maintenance on the State, while crowds of single men have been free to enjoy the excitements of sport, varied only by the attractions of the picture palace and the music hall, are facts which need no examination, for they have come within the range of everybody's experience. Are they to increase and multiply while the Government are enquiring whether the system which generates them can be made sufficiently compatible with the ultimate success of our arms to justify regard for the prejudices of misguided men who object to all compulsion of which they are not themselves the authors?

Mr. Lloyd George in another, but still recent, pronouncement declared in unequivocal terms that if we do not throw the whole of our power and resources into this contest we cannot secure the object in view. He admitted that object to be the triumph of civilisation over barbarism, and that with that issue the very existence of this country as an independent Power is bound up.

Can it be said that we are fulfilling the conditions he himself laid down while able-bodied men, without other reason than their good pleasure, are allowed to claim exclusion from the national effort? If not, the case for examination has broken down and the moment for action has arrived.

Yours faithfully,

EBURY.

LET US BE THOROUGH!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

22 September 1915.

SIR,—The more one studies the Budget the more one is impressed by Mr. McKenna's financial ability, and also by his consideration as far as was possible for all classes victimised by the war. His difficulties were, of course, enormously increased through the sentimental legislation of the late Government, who would probably have abstained from crippling those who had for the benefit of those who had not, had they been aware of the sinister plot of the German Emperor and his myrmidons for the conquest of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, and placing the whole civilised world under arrogant and vulgar Prussian domination; and had they possessed an inkling of the coming cataclysm they would no doubt have prepared for war. They were deceived by the specious and mendacious pronouncements of the Kaiser, as was the vast majority of this and other nations, and it is quite unworthy of us and serves no purpose to attack the Government at a time like the present for alleged sins of commission or omission in the past. *L'union fait la force*, and it is only by such union and by putting forth our whole strength

that we can hope to crush utterly the German octopus, the most tenacious reptile living.

Strikers and those who originate, foster, and perpetrate strikes, also those who threaten them, are far more dangerous to the country than the Germans themselves, and if compulsory service is pronounced to be necessary any attempts to stir up a movement against it must be dealt with with prompt severity, and its leaders handed over to be disposed of by the military authorities. This conflict is a life and death struggle for us and our Allies; if Germany wins all liberty and light will be crushed out of the civilised world, which will be under the sway of barbarism and brute force, while democracy and Socialism will be crushed to the ground. The cause for which we are fighting is the greatest recorded in the world's history, that of light, freedom, and righteousness against darkness, tyranny, and wrong. The cause of God against that of the evil one, the self-styled "Viceregent of God and envoy of Allah".

The principle of compulsion is no new one with us; we are compelled to submit to the law, we are compelled to pay taxes, however onerous they may be, and above all we should submit to compulsory service for our country if we mean to crush Germany, as we must do, unless all the sacrifices we are making are to be thrown away, and if we wish to take that part in the war which becomes our great Empire. Without compulsory service those responsible for maintaining the strength of our army in the field, the wastage of which is at least a hundred per cent. per year, are attempting the impossible task of making bricks without straw. Our Allies, one and all, are offering up their full strength by land and by sea; on what grounds can it be asserted that we should be exempted from doing the same? A "nation in arms" can be crushed only by other nations in arms, and we owe it to our Allies to make the same sacrifices as they are cheerfully accepting. Nothing seems to perturb the Huns more than the thought that we are adopting universal army service, for they know well now what the British soldier is, and are in terror lest their number should be largely increased—such service would give confidence, not only to our Allies, but to our heroic soldiers who are risking their lives every day, every hour for us and for the Empire, and looking to us to give them the support they have a right and a claim to, from the whole manhood of Great Britain.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED E. TURNER,
Major-General.

GERMAN DESIGNS IN THE PAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 September 1915.

SIR,—The articles which you are publishing from the pen of Dr. J. Holland Rose are invaluable just now as making clear the origins of the German policy of aggression and conquest, of which we are reaping the fruit.

By way of footnote to those articles I should like to direct attention to two utterances of the German Emperor, which have, I think, recently been overlooked. In June, 1896, the *Times* published in its Paris correspondence the report of an interview between the Emperor and a "very important" Frenchman, a man "very highly placed", and familiar with the European situation. At that time the German policy was to lull the fears of France and to sow suspicion of Russia and of the United States, whose war with Spain was then in sight. After disclaiming all fears of the "Red Peril" and the "Yellow Peril" the Emperor went on:—

"Mais je crains, d'un côté le péril d'une certaine expansion envahissante et continue, dont l'Europe est menacée par une de ses races, armée de tous les moyens que la civilisation met et mettra au service de son ambition; et je crains, d'autre côté, l'intervention du nouveau monde, qui commence à montrer des appétits jusqu'ici ignorés, qui ne

tardera pas à vouloir intervenir dans les affaires du vieux monde et à se rencontrer à mi-chemin avec des ambitions, toujours en éveil qui s'agitent autour de nous. Voilà ce que je crains!"

Two years later the Emperor, now in full tilt against England, delivered his famous challenge to this country for the protectorate of the Mohammedan world. Speaking at Damascus on 8 November 1899 he said:—

"May the Sultan, and may the 300,000,000 Mohammedans who dwell throughout the world and who venerate in him their Caliph, be assured that the German Emperor will be their friend at all times".

Later on the Emperor's agent and confidant in Near Eastern matters, Dr. Paul Rohrbach, explained in his book, "Die Bagdadbahn," the use to which these Mohammedans under German direction were to be put:—

"A direct attack on England across the North Sea is out of the question. England can be attacked and mortally wounded from Europe only in one place—in Egypt . . . The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power like Turkey would also jeopardise England's rule over 60,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India and prejudice her relations with Afghanistan and Persia. The Turkish army must be increased and improved, and she must be economically and financially rehabilitated. The stronger Turkey grows the more dangerous she will be for England".

In fact, the warnings of Germany's designs for the upsetting of all Europe were numerous and unmistakable. The Germans themselves must have been amazed that England so long persisted in keeping her eyes shut.

Yours, etc.,
J. R. F.

LEGENDS OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Liberal Club,

Whitehall Place, S.W.

21 September 1915.

SIR,—The scathing indictment in your last week's issue of the long-continued and non-humorous war legends of the "Westminster Gazette" has been heartily welcomed by scores of people of ordinary common-sense, who are simple British citizens in the first place and unemotional Liberals and Radicals in the next. The wild exaggerations of the "organ of culture" you have so admirably trounced have long been too much for the toughest digestions in this Club.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. D.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Let me thank you for your frank, humorous article on the "Westminster Gazette" and its headlines.

In many respects the "Westminster" is admirably edited; indeed, from time to time it breaks away from the narrowness of its political creed and publishes correspondence at variance with its own tenets. What other Radical newspaper shows a subject in full face? The others see every argument in profile only, because a full-face argument has two disconcerting eyes. Apart from politics, again, the "Westminster" is often a journal for everybody—good in literary criticism, thoughtful in its attitude to art and architecture, alert, and open-minded. So I regret always that its headlines and placards obey too often the sensational fashion which persons of common sense deplore and detest.

Another Radical paper recently on its placards screamed violently over an imagined Conscriptors' Plot, advertising below this canard the notes of its racing tipster. Many thousands of great fellows have died for us, yet a tipster's notes are placarded to tickle and attract the groundlings. And these "Progressive" papers in their politics always make much ado over their moral attitude towards life and its problems, so we have a right to whip them soundly when they help to set a bad example, as in their placards and headlines.

I hope you will go on with your campaign of ridicule. At least four-fifths of the public will be on your side, because only a newspaper here and there shows good taste in the display of news. The same huge type that now screams over "Victories" and "Slaughter" was not less vociferous over Crippen and over Brides in a Bath. What journalistic convention could be more crapulous?

Even when a piece of news has been confirmed it ought not to be magnified into a false perspective. Since the fall of Vilna, for instance, we have heard nothing much about "great" Russian "triumphs" in Galicia. Public attention has been fixed on the retreat from Vilna, you see, and the Galician successes fall into their proper position and are seen to be useful combats gallantly carried out. If the "Westminster" would give a just proportion to the day's events, refusing to throw into relief the unconfirmed rumours and the diplomatic optimism from the various capitals, its editor would begin a new and much better vogue in the display of current history. Someone has said in the SATURDAY REVIEW that we have suffered during the war from far too many "dailies" and their frequent editions. This is true. We have been dazed by a shrieking daily journalism. All day long the streets are disgraced by at least three-fourths of the placards, and truth cannot be heard in such a hullabaloo.

Altogether, Sir, you have opened to public debate a very useful topic. Why not publish week by week a column of selections from the worst headlines and placards, giving the name of every newspaper that piles on the agony in order to earn pence and ha'pence? You have to meet a foe deeply entrenched in convention. Your attack must go on steadily, else you will not be heard amid the rifle fire of headlines and the bursting shells of placards.

Yours faithfully,
A LONDONER.

M.P.'S AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 September 1915.

SIR,—In regard to the question of the relations between M.P.'s and their constituents, to which Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Ponsonby have drawn attention lately, the following, I think, is to the point:—

"Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfactions to theirs; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion." (Burke, at the end of the poll at Bristol, 3 November 1774.)

Yours faithfully,

X.

THE WAR AND THE MUNICIPALITIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,

15 September 1915.

SIR,—Mr. Gawen Gogay's explanation as to why the absorption of the School Board by the L.C.C. and the Water Companies by the Water Board have led to an increased cost both of education and of water will leave the ratepayer cold. What the latter objects to is the increased cost to himself, and what he fears is a similar increase in expense should the borough councils also be absorbed. That he has good grounds for such fear is precisely because of the "methods of the Progressives on the L.C.C.", to which Mr. Gogay refers. For instance, had it not been for the veto of the borough councils, the ratepayers of London would now be saddled with a still larger system of already

obsolete and unremunerative tramways than those for which the Progressives are responsible, and should the borough councils be absorbed there will in the future be no one to oppose Progressive extravagance of this nature. Rather let us bear the ills we know of than incur others we wot not of.

Yours truly,

F. R. S.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22, Baxter Avenue,

Southend-on-Sea,

11 September 1915.

SIR,—Could you permit me to suggest to Mr. Long, most respectfully, that he should appoint a Committee of well-known business men, of which he should be the chairman? The terms of reference should be:—"To enquire into the sum total of pensions and salaries in the municipalities of England and Wales, including the Poor Law authorities, with the view of a common-sense reduction being made in both pensions and salaries during and so long after the war as may be found necessary, to assist in paying for the same".

Pensions I know have been granted the officials of the municipalities and the Poor Law by Act of Parliament, but what Parliament gave Parliament can take away, if necessary, and I submit to Mr. Long the *status quo* renders it absolutely necessary. Whilst all other classes are suffering keenly, and will suffer for years, it is inconceivable that civil and municipal officials of all grades should not be made to toe the line with the rest of the nation. This is only common sense and the veriest justice.

I have seen it stated in the Press that the emoluments of the Chief Engineer to the Metropolitan Water Board, including pensions from the companies and the salary paid him by the Board, amount to over £5,000 per annum! I give the statement for what it is worth. If, however, Mr. Long can see his way to appoint this Committee it would soon be found that many millions per annum could be saved the ratepayers. Even if the salaries and pensions in the majority of cases were reduced to one-half at this juncture, the officials would then have sufficient to live upon in comfort, which is a great deal more than can be now said for the average property-owner, trader, and professional man.

Yours faithfully,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Manaton, Devon, 16 September 1915.

SIR,—In an article on my novel, "The Freelanders," your reviewer pens the following description of me: "He is a fanatic with a very palpable axe to grind". I do not know whether this is fair criticism, but I do know that anyone with personal knowledge of me will laugh at seeing the word "fanatic" applied to one so hopelessly moderate as myself. Your reviewer further says: "In all Mr. Galsworthy's novels and plays may be traced the revolutionary". With his good leave I, who ought to know my own mind, say that he is much mistaken. If there be a coherent gist to my novels and plays, it is certainly not incitement to social revolution; it is deprecation of extravagance, and the plea, however negatively or indirectly made, for more toleration and understanding between man and man. Out of that comes the only revolution worth having. So far as I know, Sir, this is the only axe I have to grind.

I have never asked for space to reply to a criticism before, and I apologise for doing so now.

Yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE LETCHWORTH CAFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, Wynne Road, Brixton, S.W.,

15 September 1915.

SIR,—It may be taken for granted that the objection to the sale of intoxicating liquors at the proposed café is

conceived in no churlish or inhospitable spirit. It is simply a protest against the superstition that intoxicating beverages are essential to social enjoyment.

I am aware that only the lightest of beers and wines are contemplated, and it is gratifying to note that low alcoholic strength has come to be regarded as a virtue. But, in view of this plea, one may fairly ask: "Why such insistence on an article present only in negligible quantity"? There is an abundant choice of beverages absolutely free from this debatable element, and it is mere faddism, or something worse, to insist on its inclusion.

Of course, even a fad is to be respected provided that no harm, immediate or consequential, personal or general, follows its indulgence. But this is not the case with alcoholic liquors, the general use of which involves public disadvantages of a character far too grave to be risked by the gratification of a gastronomic preference.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK ADKINS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Amongst your readers there probably can be found some men of sufficient leisure who, for quite legitimate reasons of health and physique, cannot join H.M. Forces. Still, they want to do something, but have not realised their opportunity. To those men, with your permission, I desire to issue an invitation to volunteer their services for Y.M.C.A. work in camps in the South of England. At the present time we have a number of vacancies to fill which have been occupied during the vacation by University dons, clergymen, and ministers, and members of the professional and commercial classes. Most valuable service can be rendered by those who are anxious to assist at the present time our brave soldiers who in the various training camps have so nobly upheld the traditions of this country by the performance of duty under all sorts of circumstances. On application to Mr. Basil Hewer, 13, Russell Square, London, W.C., full particulars will be given as to the nature and conditions of the vacancies which it is necessary we should fill in preparation for our autumn campaign.

Yours faithfully,

A. K. YAPP,

General Secretary.

NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

89-90, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue,
London, E.C.,

22 September 1915.

DEAR SIR,—We enclose a list of Peers on Active Service and Members of Parliament on Active Service who have signed a manifesto in favour of National Service. A further list will be issued shortly. The manifesto is in the same terms as that issued by this organisation on 16 August, but it derives additional interest and importance from the circumstance that every signature is that of a Peer or Member of Parliament on Active Service. We have been assured by many soldiers on leave, and by many civilians who have been given special permission to visit the lines, that the men in the field are most anxious to see a National Service system substituted for the Voluntary System. The publication of this manifesto will encourage them to realise that the time is coming when the united effort of "every fit man" will aid them in their task.

Yours faithfully,

G. C. CURNOCK, *Hon. Secretary.*

MANIFESTO IN FAVOUR OF NATIONAL SERVICE SIGNED BY PEERS OF THE REALM AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS NOW SERVING IN THE NAVY AND ARMY.

We the undersigned, being at the moment engaged in the service of our King and Country on sea, or on land, are of the opinion that the time has come when every fit man, whatever his position in life, must be made available, as and when his country calls him, for the fighting

line, or, if sufficiently qualified, for National Service at home:—

Earl of Airlie; Major Lord Auckland; Colonel Earl Bathurst; Lieut.-Colonel the Duke of Bedford, K.G.; Major Lord Bellew; Lieut.-Col. Lord Denman, G.C.M.G.; Major Lord Deramore; Viscount De Vesci; Major the Earl of Fingall; Lieut. the Earl of Hardwicke, R.N.V.R.; Lord Lawrence; Lord Leconfield; Lord Louth; Lord Newborough; Lieut.-Col. Viscount Ridley; Lieut.-Col. Lord Rothes; Lord Saltoun; Lieut.-Col. Lord Southampton; Captain Viscount Southwell; Viscount Templetown; Commander Lord Tredegar; Major Lord Vivian; Major M. Archer-Shee, M.P.; Major Hon. Guy Baring, M.P.; Harry Barnston, M.P.; Commander I. Hamilton Benn, M.P., R.N.V.R.; Major Leonard Brassey, M.P.; Colonel Burn, M.P., A.D.C. to the King; Colonel Richard Chaloner, M.P.; Major G. L. Courthope, M.P.; Viscount Duncannon, M.P.; Major W. B. Du Pré, M.P.; Colonel Walter Faber, M.P.; Major John Gilmour, M.P.; Phillip K. Glazebrook, M.P.; Frank Goldsmith, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Griffith-Boscawen, M.P.; Major Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P.; A. St. G. Hammersley, K.C., M.P.; C. G. C. Hamilton, M.P.; Rowland Hunt, M.P.; Major Sir Charles Hunter, M.P.; Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Jessel, M.P.; Major G. R. Lane-Fox, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. E. C. Meysey-Thompson, M.P.; Captain Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P.; Major Hon. W. Harold Pearson, M.P.; Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P.; Colonel R. H. Rawson, M.P.; Major Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., M.P.; Captain W. E. G. A. Weigall, M.P.; Major the Hon. Edward Wood, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Lord Semphill; Captain Earl Winterton, M.P.; Major G. C. H. Wheler, M.P.; Lieut. Lord St. Germans; Lord Dunraven; Captain H. FitzHerbert Wright, M.P.; Lieut. Lord Gormanston; Major Lord Winchester; Captain Lord Pembroke; Lord Henniker.

A further list of signatories will be issued shortly.

A LITTLE PERSPECTIVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At a moment when any sophism, any impertinence of an unfledged, moth-like German journalist vilifying England is apparently good enough to be brought to the breakfast table of millions of English readers, it is surely not out of place to recall the dicta of great men whose judgment has been hallowed by time.

The following reference to Voltaire's and Montesquieu's testimony to England's political greatness seems to me to gain in interest in being set forth by a distinguished German author who lived in simpler and saner times ("Geschichte der Französischen Literatur im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert", von Hermann Hettner, 1872, pages 216-18).

"It was only through his study of English conditions and institutions that Voltaire definitively formed his own political convictions. He read not only Newton and Locke, but also the English political writers; more particularly Bolingbroke exercised great influence over him in this direction. Often as Voltaire was at variance with his great contemporary Montesquieu on minor matters, in essentials he stood on the same ground with him. In his eyes, too, the English Constitution is the absolute model and prototype realising rational liberty. As he expresses himself in his eighth English epistle, it is the only Government in which 'the King possesses the power to do all that is good whilst he is prevented from doing evil, where nobles are powerful without being tyrannical and lording it over serfs, and where the people participate in the Government without creating confusion'. In the 'Henriade' Voltaire says:

"Aux murs de Westminster on voit paraître ensemble
Trois pouvoirs étonnés du nœud qui les rassemble,
Les députés du peuple et les grands et le roi,
Divisés d'intérêt, réunis par la loi;
Tous trois membres sacrés de ce corps invincible,
Dangereux à lui-même a ses voisins terrible.

"Voltaire possessed neither a deep insight into the administration or economy of great communities generally,

nor into the mechanism of the English Constitution in particular. But he acquired this one fundamental conviction that popular well-being is only possible where liberty and equality are to be found."

In this connection the author continues to quote Voltaire:

"The individual enjoys liberty in Sweden, in England, Holland, and Switzerland, as well as in the Republic of Hamburg, whereas there are extensive Christian Kingdoms the inhabitants of which, in their vast majority, are still slaves."

This was written by Voltaire in 1750—one hundred and sixty-five years ago. In our endeavour to obtain a perspective view of the present situation might we not ask ourselves the question how many of our scribbling vilifiers will be remembered even by name in the year 2080? In my humble opinion, only one, and—the irony of it—he, a renegade Englishman—and he only as a freak, a curiosity!

Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

CLAPTRAP AND CATASTROPHE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windsor House, Bream's Buildings,

London, E.C.,

23 September 1915.

SIR,—I have to thank you not only for a most kind and appreciative review of my book ("Kultur and Catastrophe"), but also for a suggestion as to the contents of my next volume. Alas! in these days we can only write what we feel most deeply. I agree that "the enemy's efforts" have been "amazing", but at the moment I cannot see (and will not describe) their "better side". In all large masses of men some good is to be found; but when the concentrated and unanimous object of the mass is Evil I can discover no excuse or palliation in any "better side" that may be discoverable in its efforts to attain that end. You say that Germany's "power would have been doubled if her conduct in war had been chivalric and noble". We all agree. But I have never yet heard of a deliberate assassin whose crime involved chivalrous or noble methods. That is the great safeguard of Right (which may be, and often has been defended by an island or a small nation) as against Might (which may frequently be used, and is now being exerted by Germany, in an evil cause). This is no time, Sir, for emphasising "the dark and bad side of our insular civilisation with its past and present attitude to essential duties". Let us leave such sermons to Dr. Lyttelton and his friends. We can attend to our domestic failings when we have settled the business of Prussian Militarism; and no nation in the world can criticise its own leaders or belittle its own capacities so thoroughly as the English. I cannot for a moment agree that "we owe much good to the criminal actions of official Germany" or of anyone. Criminal actions never did anyone any good. In this case they have ruined the German Empire; and that is enough for, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE A. COOK.

[Mr. Cook has failed to understand the review of his book. Again and again Mr. Lloyd George has drawn attention to "the better side" of the German character, because the unity of the German civil population through thirteen months of terrible losses has had an enormous spiritual influence on the war. Germany has suffered from no strike, from no civilian insubordination; and, as Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out, it was her trade unionists in the munitions factories who enabled her to regain her lost initiative along the Eastern front. To close our eyes to evident and harmful shortcomings in our own country is to add harm to harm. Does Mr. Cook wish to keep silent on the evils of strikes, for example? He has spoken his mind on Dr. Lyttelton, whose influence is a trifle compared with that of the bad things concerning which Mr. Lloyd George has spoken frequently. Again, Mr. Cook admits that Germany's power would have been doubled if her conduct in the war had been chivalric and noble. Yet he declines to see that her atrocities, by weakening her own power, must give strength to our side.—THE REVIEWER.]

REVIEWS.

THE FLOURISHING LIFE.

"A Defence of Aristocracy: a Text Book for Tories."
By Anthony M. Ludovici. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

[Reviewed by Walford D. Green.]

THERE are two good points to be noted at the outset about this stimulating and provocative book. Mr. Ludovici dates his preface from the British Expeditionary Force in France, and he writes with the courage and liveliness of youth. In these days youth is lord of the ascendant, and is rightly determined to be heard: the "old gang" is perishing in the ugliest conflagration of all time, and it is of high interest to know what the young men are really thinking and hoping and disbelieving. Mr. Ludovici remarks that "old men, or men of middle age, already owe a debt of gratitude to their opinions, however erroneous they may be", and his treatise is addressed to those who are young enough and brave enough to understand. He himself writes as one unbound by obligation to any orthodoxy; the idols of the market-place and the temple receive from him no ceremonious genuflection; even at times we suspect him of an irresponsible desire simply to flutter the dovescots, a pastime hardly worthy of his sportsmanship. If for nothing else, we should welcome him for his obviously sincere admiration of Strafford, Bolingbroke, and Disraeli. It is much that the romantic and imaginative and unmechanical statesmen should receive new adherents in a new generation. The influence of Nietzsche is obvious throughout, but Mr. Ludovici is certainly not bound hand and foot to that powerful master. He is a rapid and daring thinker, whose arguments and conclusions will give offence to many, but for that very reason are worthy of consideration at a time when all our values are being recast.

His root idea is that what he calls "the flourishing life" should be the aim of society, and that this higher and richer existence is only obtainable in those states which are governed by men who, by inherited taste, know what is best, and, by inherited conscience, do what is right. Conscience to him is the voice of ancestors so guiding and ruling their descendants that honour, taste, magnanimity instinctively inform and control the mind and will. "What, then, does flourishing life mean within a particular race? It means that example of life in which the race's view of beauty, health, vigour, will and spirit appear in a maximum degree of development. It means that example of life on which the whole of a particular race can look with the approbation of proud spectators, saying: This is our highest achievement in instinct, virtue, beauty, and will!" The aristocrat is an achievement, but he is also a "lucky stroke of nature". The processes which favour his growth afford no guarantee of his production and reproduction, and the inevitable weakness of all aristocracies is that the representatives of the governing few in any given generation may lack the high qualities which are essential if the governing few are to maintain their power. Caste by its rules may perpetuate an hereditary type, but can it conserve its own supremacy? Mr. Ludovici quite logically praises the exclusiveness of the Brahman, but has that exclusiveness enabled the Brahman to retain the overpower which ex hypothesi is required, if the Brahman "flourishing life" is to continue? No doubt social and religious dominance was secured for centuries, but it was not an authority that could resist external pressure, and history would probably show that caste aristocracies have not been successful in repelling conquest from outside or in spreading their empire abroad. War begat the king, and a far stronger historical defence could be written of monarchy than Mr. Ludovici has produced of aristocracy.

Probably the Norman leaders of the eleventh century were as good an example of flourishing life as European history affords, and no other race achieved more brilliant successes with bodies of a few against

many. Both in England and Sicily they departed from the principles of aristocracy—they permitted the king to become ruler of the privileged class, as well as of the mass, and, far from maintaining exclusiveness, they quickly intermarried with the conquered race. In Anglo-Norman Ireland there was something like an experiment in aristocracy, modified occasionally by royal interference; but after a brilliant beginning it ended in decreased possessions and mixture of blood. A king may stand for the whole state, but by definition an aristocracy cannot include the whole. Of the Englishmen whom Mr. Ludovici praises, was there one who really believed in the aristocratic principle? Strafford died for the sovereign power, Bolingbroke dreamed of a patriot king, and Disraeli (though he admitted an "immoral passion for dukes") jibed at our Venetian constitution and trusted "the Monarch and the Multitude". Aristotle preferred the rule of several virtuous persons to that of a virtuous individual, but he pointed out the difficulty of finding a number of persons equally virtuous, and he argued further that only "a people capable of yielding a loyal and liberal obedience to their superiors in virtue" are suited to an aristocratic polity. Supposing that Mr. Ludovici's rules of caste produce the men superior in virtue, we should still have to search for the people capable of obedience before we secured political stability. Mr. Ludovici's views and the Nietzschean ideas generally are more important as a protest against the deadening and benumbing influence of numbers than as a contribution to constructive thinking. If your ideal comity cannot exist without the superman of Nietzsche, or the "superior man" of Mr. Ludovici, you must be prepared for criticism and discontent from the bulk of mankind, and you will lack the "loyal and liberal obedience" which Aristotle, with his accustomed acumen, perceived to be necessary.

Granting, however, that Mr. Ludovici does not make out his case for aristocracy based on caste rules as a possible polity for a great modern state, he is on strong scientific ground in his protest against current ideas of equality. Democracy, he says, is the voice of "mediocre and impoverished life". To give all men equal political power is wrong, because Nature does not give all men equal physical and mental capacities. God may have once made all men equal, as Rousseau declared; but He has permitted them to be unequal for so long that heredity has done its work. This is Carlyle's "mostly fools" dictum, with Darwinianism added. It runs absolutely counter to the whole democratic view, and the Darwinian democrat's only reply is that if all men have equal opportunities the area of conflict is enlarged, and there is more hope that in the larger struggle for existence a greater variety of surviving species may be evolved. Meantime, as a practical process, democracy means amateurism in politics, just as, according to Mr. Ludovici, Protestantism means amateurism in religion! Government should be the affair of experts, drawn from a class who, by inheritance, are accustomed to decide rightly. "The power of discerning right from wrong in matters of doctrine, diet, behaviour, shape, form, constitution, size, height, colour, sound, and general appearance, is the greatest power of life; it is a power leading to permanence of life in those who possess it and who can exercise it". "The true aristocracy are the examples of flourishing life whose likes and dislikes—whose discernment, in fact, is our canon of taste". A large part of Mr. Ludovici's book is a denunciatory history of the Puritan revolution in England, as an imposing instance of the "divergence of bad taste from good". He is not altogether a judicial historian, but it is certainly beneficial that the case against the English Puritans should from time to time be vigorously stated. Laying great stress on heredity, he is naturally concerned with the physical basis of life, and has much to say on diet and drink and bodily deterioration in modern cities. He blames Puritanism for the metamorphosis of the Englishman and the decline of manners and morals. As he finished his book before the War he does not deal with the physical revival

that follows military training. Henley once said that an exhilarated Tommy swaggering through the bazaars of Cairo knew more of Hellenism than most professors, and many a private in the armies of Kitchener is an admirable example of the "flourishing life".

We may note finally that Mr. Ludovici combines his defence of aristocracy with a trenchant attack upon existing aristocrats, and that he devotes a whole chapter to proving that the English aristocrat is a failure. His method of proof does not strike one as convincing. He parades the worst features of modern civilisation, and asks how many of the aristocracy foresaw these evils and endeavoured to prevent them. There is a hiatus in his argument, as he fails to show any responsibility upon the aristocracy for the economic revolution in which the active agents were the leaders of the middle class. But Mr. Ludovici is sceptical about economic revolutions and puts most social changes down to human wills. He gives more praise to the English gentleman. After comparing the "gentleman" of various races he concludes that his most typical virtues are: "That he can be trusted at all times and in all places, that he is sincere, that he is staunch and constant in matters of principle, that he never sacrifices the greater to the less, and that he is sufficiently self-reliant and strong to be able to consider others." "If England has shown any stability at all, it is owing to the fact that she has reared crop after crop of such men, and that these men have been sent to all corners of the globe to represent her and to teach the gentleman's idea of decent living to the world".

THE RELIGION OF SUFFERING.

"The Insulted and Injured." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH "The Insulted and Injured" was the first of Dostoevsky's novels to be translated into French and made known in Western Europe, the book is a comparatively poor example of his work. It lacks the psychological interest, as well as the dramatic force, of "Crime and Punishment". It has not the awful wonder of his "Recollections from the House of the Dead". At the same time, it is a piece of work quite characteristic of the writer, and a good deal of it is autobiographical. When Dostoevsky was in Siberia he fell in love with the wife of one of the other exiles, and on her husband's death married her. He had a wild passion for the woman, which his friends never thought she reciprocated. Baron Vrangeli wrote in his reminiscences that she only pitied him for his sickness and poverty. It seems that she cared more for another man, and when this became plain to Dostoevsky he smothered his jealousy, which before had been very strong, and did his best to promote the happiness of his wife and her lover. Undoubtedly the story of his hapless domestic affairs has been reproduced in this book. Part, at least, of "The Insulted and Injured" was written at Petrograd when he had left his wife in Moscow on account, as it was said, of her health, but also, it is likely, for this other reason. The novel, therefore, was written whilst he was in the grip of the most painful emotion, yet at a time when he was making one of those sacrifices which formed the very foundation of his "religion of suffering".

In spite of what we know of the author's life, much of this tale appears unreal. Natasha, the heroine, has a choice of two lovers, of whom one, Alyosha, is a vain, stupid creature, whom his best friends can only excuse by saying he is a baby. All the same she adores him, and for his sake leaves her parents and loses her reputation. The wretched boy does not marry her, because, for one reason and another, his father is opposed to the match, and, still more, because he is not sure himself whether he will want her for long. Dostoevsky saw that people would wonder why Natasha, whom he describes always in the most glowing terms, should throw herself away on the unattractive booby he had drawn, but he had no answer for

them. "That can't be explained", he wrote. "It's difficult to imagine how people fall in love and what makes them". All of which seems true enough when we look round the world; but it is not the reply a novelist should make, for, if he is of any worth, he ought to explain these very things which are riddles of life. The best we can make of the story is that Natasha is "possessed", and in this, of course, she resembles a number of other characters in Dostoevsky's novels. She belongs to the same class as some of the men in "The Idiot", "Crime and Punishment", and "The Possessed", who are not responsible for their actions. Like Hugo's Hernani, she is "a blind agent". The character of Natasha not only reminds us that we do not in the least understand the Russian heart, but forcibly suggests that the Russians themselves do not understand much better.

Some of the people in the novel, as Dostoevsky confessed, are mere dolls. Alyosha's father, the wicked prince, is a villain straight from one of the old houses of melodrama on the Surrey side. He is nothing but a stage devil, and one sees through his smiles from the first, because one is meant to see through them. The story is curious, because so much of it might be found in any cheap novelette; yet, now and then, one is made aware that it is the work of a genius. The grief of Natasha's mother and the rage of her father, when she goes away with her lover, are in the sentimental tradition, and almost every detail of it all has been vulgarised in commonplace fiction, yet here we are made to realise it is no sham. Natasha herself, little as we understand her, is magnificent. As for the narrator of the story, the rejected lover who tries to keep Alyosha and the girl together and to make them happy, he, of course, is Dostoevsky's self. Consumed with love, yet never moving a finger in his own interests, he seems incredibly saintly, and we have to refer to the author's life before finally accepting him as human. Once he said to Vrangeli: "We should be eternally grateful to a woman whom we have loved, for every day and hour of joy which she has given us. We may not demand from her that she think of us only all her life long; that is ugly egoism, which we should subdue". The words, of course, explain a strange chapter in his life as well as the main idea of the novel.

Many faults have been found with this book, and, among them, it has been said, with reference to the wicked Prince, that Dostoevsky could never draw a member of the higher social orders. Almost one is tempted to ask whether he could ever draw a person in mental and bodily health. His mind was always set on sickness of some kind. Natasha is "possessed"; Nellie, a child whose story forms a sub-plot in the novel, is epileptic; another character of some importance is a confirmed drunkard. The narrator, too, is dying of some unnamed disease. These people the author knew. His genius was spent in writing the chronicles of the mad-house and the hospital. He was seldom far from their doors.

THE ART OF MEDITATION.

"Meditation." By Arthur Lovell. Simpkin. 5s.

READERS of Mr. Arthur Lovell are seldom disappointed. They know what they are going to receive, and they try to think as clearly and as variously as their author. Mr. Lovell speaks very quietly of big things, in a crisp, chatty style; he cannot give the whole of his time to writing, so he is saved from the perils of that ambitious authorship which pays more attention to words than to ideas. His books are good talks about the convictions which he has earned after honest and hard labour. They provoke many excellent debates. Sometimes they go wrong here and there, because their author tries to unite the extremes of life—the earth-bound stuff of social politics and the visionary's transcendentalism. To fail pretty often in this lofty effort is merely to fail in what may be called a forlorn hope of the spiritual world.

Thus Mr. Lovell is an excessive admirer of Emerson, unlike Mr. O. W. Firkins, whose recent and thorough study of Emerson is most carefully reasoned and balanced. "As a literary man", says Mr. Lovell, "Emerson takes rank with the greatest seers of all time. For the rare gift of insight Emerson's Essays are unequalled in the modern world. His eye is so deeply penetrating that the average reader is able to make very little of him, while the merely literary critic is very soon out of his depth. . . . Emerson is like the eagle who soars on high and glides gracefully on his wings over the crags, ravines, and precipices which the living man has to cross slowly and painfully on foot. For this latter process something more than the poet and seer is required—the practical philosopher who knows the road that has to be travelled, and can map it out as a whole, as well as in convenient sections suitable for each stage of the journey."

Such is Mr. Lovell's Emerson, but it is not the historic Emerson. "The merely literary critic" is not an ass, and the main facts about Emerson are evident to his intelligence. Emerson has genius of a high order, but he is not a great architect in the realm of thought; he does not build co-ordinated structures. Pretty often his sentences are separate and separated paragraphs. And another defect is evident too often. He looks upon thought too much as a thing of words, and not as a sequence of pictures vividly seen by his mind's eye. To see ideas and convictions under the form of visual conception is the sternest discipline that meditation can impose on the human mind; and it is the most fruitful discipline through which the gestation and the birth of thought can pass. It is well to distrust any thinker who is not graphic, who does not brood his concepts into pictures.

The art of meditation enforces this truth on poets and painters and great novelists, while philosophers and idealists are apt to lose touch with it, forcing words to the front, and forgetting the tremendous virtue of visualised ideas. Mr. Lovell as a rule writes easily because he sees vividly; his vision has eyes. It is only in certain transcendental moods that he hovers in the vague, and forgets—or seems to forget—that thought from the highest minds cannot greatly modify the actions of common men and of nations, because the highest thought is never understood except by the highest intellects. Whenever a nation tries to adopt a transcendental idea in order to use it politically, as our country adopted the ideal of peace, there is certain to be mischief. Mr. Lovell examines briefly and with skill the origin of the present war, but does he see with sufficient clearness that the obsession of the ideal of peace in an age of militant industrialism has permanent lessons? It shows that transcendentalism, when it wanders from the study into the common actions of ordinary men, begets the most dangerous illusions, as fateful as the battle-worship of Germany.

But, as a rule, Mr. Lovell is a thoughtful pioneer in the art of meditation, an art never taught at school and seldom practised by statesmen and other leaders. The dreadful confusion of current half-thoughts proves that meditation as a social art is in its infancy. In this book Mr. Lovell has much to say on religious matters, and he arrives in his argument at a race of Emersonian supermen and superwomen. He says, for instance: "Whilst it would be impossible to draw a life-like portrait of 'superman' as he will exist on earth in a remote future, we can predict with absolute certainty the great and broad lines on which his evolution will proceed—he will be more healthy, more endowed with will and intuition, which will enable him to understand and control the finer forces of Nature—in a word, more powerful and wise than the civilised man of to-day."

Meantime let us hope that the men of our own race will break away from their old habit of toying with destiny. If their descendants are ever to reach the age of supermen, then they themselves must show

daily in their acts an abundant common sense, instead of beginning to prepare for a land war after the beginning of hostilities. Whatever transcendentalism may be there is a necessary workaday idealism in the common sense of forethought and in the discretion of social unity. On these matters—and on many others—Mr. Lovell invites us all to meditate. For a long time our countrymen in their politics have tried to arrive at ideal things without giving any serious attention to the art of thought. Catch-words and catch-phrases have obsessed the people, with the result that danger and democracy have been constant companions.

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NEITHER the managements nor actuarial staffs of our life offices are to be envied. As a consequence of the sensational depreciation of investments which has occurred, and the increase of the income-tax necessitated by the War, they are to-day confronted by several problems of exceptional difficulty, and in about eight cases a solution will have to be found during the next few months. Since the respective dates when the various offices effected their last investigations the value of the securities held by them has lessened to the extent of many million pounds; the Government duty has been doubled, and it will probably have been trebled before some of the offices are again required by law to ascertain their liabilities. As the time comes round for each proprietary or mutual company to publish a valuation balance-sheet, this depreciation will in some way or other have to be provided for, and were the same valuation bases to be adopted as on the last occasion comparatively few companies, it is to be feared, would be able to report a surplus. Funds have been, and are being, depleted in several ways. Since the war began mortality claims have considerably increased, more has had to be paid for income tax, and in not a few cases the receipts in respect of new assurances have notably diminished.

In view of these indisputable facts it is easy to understand why with-profit policy-holders, who pay higher premiums in the expectation of receiving handsome bonuses hereafter, are becoming anxious and restless, if not really alarmed. They appear, however, to have overlooked other equally important facts. The

great changes which have occurred, and which may be expected to take place in the future, are not wholly adverse to their interests. If the offices—through no fault or mismanagement on their own part—have been severely hit in some ways, they have gained in other ways, and will continue to gain in an increasing degree for some years to come. In the long run—provided the Allies win the war—the effects of depreciation will be more than offset by the rise in interest rates which has been such a prominent feature during the last few months. Or, to put the matter in another way, it may be said that the present value of the rise, less the present value of the additional income-tax now being paid, largely exceeds the amount of the depreciation which will have to be made good at the next valuations.

When conditions are normal both appreciation and depreciation is gradual, and so is the compensating adjustment of interest rates. Little disturbance therefore results, and as a general rule bonuses are unaffected. On the present occasion, however, the decline in values has been exceedingly sudden, as also has been the rise in rates. An entirely new position has, as a matter of fact, to be faced, and the actuaries who have to make valuations next spring, or a year or two later, will be hard set to find a safe road out of the morass. The obviously reasonable course would be to write off on the one hand the amount of the depreciation, and at the same time increase the rate of interest assumed in valuing the policies. Were this course to be generally adopted the coming valuations would cause no concern, because practically the same percentage of surplus to net liability would probably be shown, before special provision had been made for increased mortality arising from the War. One objection to this procedure, however, exists. Offices which have been in the habit of valuing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. would clearly be opposed to valuing at 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., unless they were assured that the offices now using a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate would make a corresponding increase when their turn came. Joint action on the part of the companies—as far as is possible—would therefore seem to be desirable; otherwise injustice may be done to existing with-profit policy-holders. To employ the whole or the greater part of a surplus in providing for the depreciation which has occurred since war broke out would scarcely be fair, and might lead to a disquieting agitation.

No doubt a true balance between assets and liabilities should be struck at the end of each quinquennial period, and only the surplus then shown should be treated as divisible. Present circumstances are, however, most exceptional, and a departure from the soundest actuarial principles would apparently be justified. Why should not a portion of the general burden be borne by future policy-holders, who will benefit immensely from the heavy sacrifices which are now being made? Of course decreased bonuses are in many cases inevitable, because war claims have had to be paid, and further such claims are constantly being announced. Disappointments are consequently unavoidable, but there is no need to make the lot of present policy-holders worse than is imperative, when so much could be accomplished by friendly co-operation between the representative bodies north and south of the Tweed.

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